

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

June 21, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3^d



Superb courage of A.I.F. nurses under fire — Story page 12

MAYOR LA GUARDIA to visit London

"Little Flower" is ideal ruler of New York City

By GEORGE FIELDING

On this page last week was told the story of London's "Lord of the Underground," Evans of the Broke.

Pictured here to-day is the man who would occupy a similar position if bombs fell on New York—Mayor Fiorella La Guardia.

Mayor La Guardia, who is now head of the office of Civilian Defence in New York and chairman of the United States-Canada Defence Board, has been invited to see how things work in London by the Minister for Home Security, Mr. Morrison.

LA GUARDIA is an ideal man for his wartime jobs. He is not only the most popular Mayor New York has ever had—and he makes the ninety-ninth—but he is generally agreed to be the best.

He is a staunch supporter of Roosevelt, and has all along advocated all-out aid for Britain.

Since well before the war he expressed himself in no uncertain manner as anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist.

The whole world—except Germany—laughed in 1938 when he appointed 13 Jewish policemen to guard the German consulate.

Questioned as to motive, Mr. La Guardia smiled. "Merely routine," he said.

He suggested that Hitler be made the central figure of the Chamber of Horrors in the New York World's Fair.

Last year, addressing an international gathering, he said: "Hitler and Mussolini are in the same boat, and to American noses the blige stinks!"

The incongruously named "Little



MR. LA GUARDIA enjoys a hot dog. In front are his two adopted children, Jean (left) and Eric (right foreground).

Flower" (Fiorella) is a New Yorker by birth, of Italian-Jewish parentage. He is 59, five feet two, rotund, swarthy, and fiery.

He has had a stormy 26 years of public life in America, the last seven

as Mayor, and he is regarded as completely honest, impervious to graft, and without favorites.

He has been accused of a love of showmanship, has been called "a virtuoso in exploiting temperament for the benefit of the public."

To which Mr. La Guardia retorted: "What the hell—how else are you going to get people excited about a sewer?"

Son of an Italian composer, conductor and cornetist, he spent his boyhood in Arizona where his father was an army bandmaster.

As a young man he served in the U.S. Consular Service in Europe, later studied law, and was elected to Congress in 1915.

In 1917 he went to the war as an aviator, came back with the rank of major, a row of decorations, and a wife, and re-entered politics.

He fought for better wages, shorter hours for workers, old age pensions and national unemployment insurance.

He startled Congress in 1925 by

pulling a chop, a piece of steak, and a three-dollar roast from his pockets. "What workman's family can afford a three-dollar roast this size?" he cried.

No one questioned him when he said that he was "Mayor of New York 24 hours a day."

His energy is boundless, and eight secretaries and stenographers cope with his daily mailbag of 500 letters.

Occasionally they contain threats. One brought him a cartridge and a note signed with a swastika. La Guardia grinned, handed it over to the police for fingerprint tests, and went on with the job.

He swears with energy and enthusiasm, smokes long black cigars incessantly, and clings to a broad-brimmed Stetson for outdoor appearances.

"I love hats," he told singer Marjorie Lawrence when she presented him with an Australian Digger's hat this year.

He loves the rough-and-tumble of political campaigns. Dignity is a quality that doesn't cramp his style—not the outward forms of it, anyway. But none will deny that there is dignity in honesty and sincerity, and Mayor La Guardia can lay claim to both those qualities.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. H. V. HODSON

Indian reforms

APPOINTED by the British Government India Reforms Commissioner, Mr. Harry Hodson goes to India to assist in planning post-war Anglo-Indian conferences on constitutional changes.

Mr. Hodson last visited Australia in 1938 as a delegate to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference. Mrs. Hodson was Miss Margaret Honey, of Sydney.



—Time Photo.

SISTER MARY CARROLL

Scientific research.

SISTER MARY CARROLL.

Dominican nun, is a scientist on the research staff of the Institutum Divi Thomae, America. She assisted in the institutum's latest discovery, biodin, an oxidizing agent extracted from yeast and animal tissue cells, which aids in restoring injured tissues, and demonstrated it at the recent convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The discovery is of special interest to doctors treating war wounds.



CAPTAIN P. MUIR

Ambulances

OFFICER commanding the American Field Ambulance Service in the Middle East is Captain Peter Muir. Was recently in Australia on his way to U.S.A., to obtain some 400 ambulances for the Middle East service. At present 16 American ambulance drivers are working in the Western Desert.



Picture yourself
in such a setting

Women who find such happiness do not belong to fiction only. Perfect romance is the natural right of every girl who learns how to fascinate and appear alluring—and who knows the appeal of a skin smooth as satin. In this Erasmic Face Powder can help to make your own complexion soft and lovely as the heart of a flower. Closely and evenly it clings, hour after hour—its fragrance giving to the senses only so much as makes them long for more.

ERASMIC face powder
RACHEL : PEACH : BRUNETTE
SUNTAN AND NATURAL

They drifted quietly on—unaware of the brightly lit bungalows and the sounds of gaiety—unaware of anything but each other and their new-found happiness.



Erasmic Cream (Vanishing & Cold) 1/1 tube

E11.27



BROADWAY SHOWGIRLS join with the Mayor in an enthusiastic opening of Clean Up Week in New York. Mr. La Guardia is always willing to take part in "stunts" if they aid civic progress.

THEY GUARD AUSTRALIA'S FRONT DOOR

Vivid glimpses of life of our troops in Darwin

By Adele Shelton Smith, our special representative visiting Darwin

Here I am in Darwin, Australia's only garrison town, where the last Australian flag between us and the East flutters from the flagpole above whitewashed, wide-roofed Government House.

Around this curious mixture of boom town and modern city, in the bush where aborigines camped not so long ago, thousands of soldiers are now building their own small towns of tents and corrugated iron huts.

IN command of all these soldiers who have transformed the place from a sleepy outpost to a vital link in Australia's defences is a Brigadier, lean faced, with greying hair, startlingly keen blue eyes, and a most electric personality.

I met the Brigadier at his headquarters in the new concrete building at Larrakeyah. His office is a small area fenced off by movable partitions surrounded by a busy office filled with the din of typewriters.

When I told him I had come to Darwin to write about the A.I.F. he said: "Well, tell me what you want to see."

In ten minutes by phone calls he had organised a week's visits, covering every aspect of the lives of thousands of men under his command.

"We need more wives of soldiers in Darwin, and more houses for them to live in," the Brigadier told me.

"If a soldier has home life in his time off duty he is more contented and steady. The presence of his womenfolk would strengthen his morale, deepen his conviction of what he is fighting for, and make him a more formidable soldier. But the present international situation limits temporarily the policy of families coming to Darwin."

Only high spirits

I KNOW there have been rumors in the south of bad behaviour here. These rumors have been grossly exaggerated. The men are bound to display high spirits at times. Any disturbances which have occurred here would have passed unnoticed in a larger community, but here in a small town they become sensational.

"The men here are no angels but, believe me, they are good blokes."

"At present an enormous building programme is being carried out with plans to make more married quarters, but buildings essential to war-preparedness must come first."

"As far as possible, I'm planning that construction work for wartime will be of value when the war ends."

"Wherever we carve roads through the bushland we will line them with trees as soon as water-pipes are connected."

"We have taken over Lee Point, near Darwin, as a holiday resort for troops, and after the war we will

THE Australian Women's Weekly has sent Adele Shelton Smith, who recently completed a successful tour of A.I.F. camps in Malaya, to Darwin, Australia's only garrison town.

On this page is the first of her stories of the troops there. She is accompanied by photographer W. (Bill) Brindle, whose pictures of Malaya attracted Australia-wide interest. Watch for his pictures of the boys at Darwin next week.

hand it over as an animal and bird sanctuary and National Park to the Civil authorities.

"The chief problem here is the devastating effect of the climate, with its wet season during half the year. We have to plan an antidote. At present Alice Springs is the nearest available place, but is too far away, so we will develop the local possibilities at Lee Point by establishing company billets where men will go for a week or fortnight of swimming, fishing, and physical training."

"Recreation facilities are another problem here. Churches of various denominations are endeavoring to defeat the difficulties in Darwin by establishing soldiers' clubs. The Australian Inland Mission and the Salvation Army have already opened excellent clubs, and the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches are endeavoring to collect funds to do likewise, but the response from the rest of Australia is most disappointing."

"Relatives in the south do not realise that their sons and brothers here are without the usual facilities available in practically every other military area in Australia, and they are not helping us to return those sons and brothers in as good condition as we get them."

"If every mother, wife and sweetheart of a Darwin soldier set out to raise at least £3 each the total would provide enough recreation centres."

The Brigadier's ideas in some



TWO A.I.F. PRIVATES at a Lewis gun post at Lee Point, Darwin.

—Department of Information picture.

aspects of training have been enthusiastically welcomed by officers and men.

One important test is a thorough knowledge of the country round Darwin over which troops might fight. This is a large order in rough country with few roads and many waterways, and would be dreary work if carried out in long route marches.

The Brigadier, however, believes work should be a pleasure as much as possible, so every week-end army transports carrying organised bodies of troops under the command of officers set out on holiday expeditions. The men thus discover the country for themselves, going fishing, shooting buffalo and crocodiles and wild geese.

One feels sad about the boys in Darwin. They are miles away from home, though still in their own country, and hundreds of them are restless to go overseas. One feels that they are not such heroic figures to us as the men overseas, although they may yet be called upon to show the same courage and endurance.

Own entertainment

EXCEPT for the two clubs mentioned by the Brigadier, any entertainment facilities have been provided by themselves.

Although they have had some gifts from Comforts Funds and individuals in other States, they have made most of the camp comforts themselves, and the Brigadier and his officers show a justified pride in the men's resourcefulness.

The local civilian population is so small that it cannot do much for the thousands of service men.

The small civilian population also robs the boys of the psychological exhilaration which the boys in Malaya have of being "on show" to a welcoming populace.

Everywhere round the rambling town you see half-finished attractive shuttered houses high on concrete piles alongside old, deep-verandahed bungalows.

The shops are constantly running out of supplies.

Fresh vegetables are a rarity, and the beer shortage is a recurring disaster.

Air travellers with smart luggage arrive at the modern hotel, while at the other end of the block the old part of the hotel is thronged with thirty men.

Modern taxis drive along roads through the bush, littered with beer bottles. Old-fashioned country stores have blackboard notices reminiscent of pioneering days, "Newspapers ordered from England and the south have arrived by boat."

On the red gravel pavements of the main street—Smith Street—which boasts Darwin's only public telephone booth, you meet local businessmen in shorts, women in

fresh cotton frocks, a few barefoot aborigines, and a muscular laborer eating pink ice-cream, the Bishop of Darwin, bearded Bishop Gsell, in a grey suit with a cerise satin clerical front, on his afternoon stroll, tall, lean Capt. Gregory, the pearling and shipping king, white-shirted R.A.N. sailors, sunburnt and wonderfully fit soldiers and airmen.

It is all very picturesque to the traveller, but after a few weeks doesn't offer much interest to the troops.

There are no trams or buses and five-bob-a-day soldiers can't afford taxis, so they get one free trip weekly in a military transport.

Airmen sometimes stay away from town for months on end, especially since they have got their own picture theatre and recreation building.

To-night is paynight in Darwin, and transports are drawn up in rows at several points of the town.

At the church club there's standing room only. Here in a quiet homely atmosphere are billiard tables, games, library, writing room, darts, and a canteen.

Some of the men go to the only picture show. Others wander round the streets and eat at dimly-lit cafes.

Sometimes there is a dance in one of the soldiers' halls, where soldiers vastly outnumber the girl partners.

The only other dancing is at the Hotel Darwin, where all ranks, still in their daytime shorts, dine or dance if they are lucky enough to have partners.

See Leader — page 16



THE petty borrower quickly loses prestige and friends. He is trading on the thrift of others whilst practising none himself. He is selling his pride on the installment plan—a pound at a time. The man of self-respect, the man who values the goodwill of others, takes care that he is never in the position of being "short of a pound." Week by week he deposits at least a few shillings in his savings account.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank provides ideal facilities for the man of low or moderate income to build up a valuable cash reserve. Open an account next pay-day.

COMMONWEALTH
SAVINGS BANK
OF AUSTRALIA



FINE block of men's quarters at Larrakeyah Barracks, Darwin. They are ideally planned for tropical conditions.



ARAB LOOKS-ON at A.I.F. signallers working on the Syrian frontier.
—Dept. of Information photo.

Anzacs fight again in Syria...

Country of Crusaders has many links with Britons

By GORDON BATTERSBY

Anzacs in Syria, for the second time in 25 years, find it a country of amazing contrasts.

Marching on some towns with fixed bayonets, they were greeted with rose garlands and cheers for Australia and the Free French!

A little farther on another village bristled with guns and preparations to fight for Petain and the Vichy Government...

The French have been divided by the cowardice of Vichy into opposite camps... but the Arabs welcome the Australians... the new Crusaders in the land where fought the old champions of liberty.

SLEEPY towns rotting away beside the blue Mediterranean that heard the challenge of Richard the Lion-Hearted and his men re-echo to the cheery voices of the Aussies.



DAMASCUS from the air. This is a city of mosques built round an orchard.

Arabs in the hills who have not changed their way of living since the days of the Apostle Paul shout greetings to young Australians in tanks and Bren-gun carriers.

Some remember the sunburnt men on horseback of 1918 who rode with General Allenby to Damascus to the tune of "Tipperary."

To-day their sons march the roads that fringe the Mediterranean in shorts and sun helmets, carrying Tommy guns and singing "Waltzing Matilda."

The crumbling Crusader forts are alive again with fighting men.

Britain's association with Syria goes back to the days of the Crusaders. The little town of Acre through which the Diggers passed, possibly without giving it a second thought, was once the scene of a great struggle as Richard the Lion-Hearted, leader of the English Crusaders, fought there for a foothold in the Holy Land.

It was here that the chivalrous Moslem leader Saladin sent Richard a beautiful Arab steed when he saw that the English King's horse had been killed. The wily Richard, suspecting a trap, put an English knight on the horse which promptly bolted back to the enemy lines.

H. V. Morton, the famous travel authority, says that historians are still arguing whether this was a fine act of chivalry which didn't reckon on the horse or just a dirty trick by Saladin.

Gifts from Syria

DIGGERS who intend to shop in the bazaars at Syrian towns and send presents home have been beaten to the idea by the Crusaders who sent presents from Syria to their wives and sweethearts in England centuries before Australia was discovered.

Cotton muslin was discovered, and damask, glass mirrors, and ivory and wooden trinkets first came out of Syria... probably with the message, "I am well, but cannot tell you where I am at present..." just as our own young Crusaders will send them home to-day.

The more domestic-minded Crusaders fascinated by the strange trees and shrubs saved the seeds and planted them in England.

This was that country's introduction to the luscious apricot, the lemon, melon, sugar, and maize.

The colors lilac and purple were brought back from the East.

The Digger who remembers Sunday School and references to the Cedars of Lebanon will be disappointed to find only a few clumps of these trees left, trees that went into the building of King Solomon's temple.

It was in Syria, too, that Lady Stanhope, a niece of William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and the Churchill of his day, went for sanctuary and solitude after the death of her friend, Sir John Moore, the famous soldier of the Peninsula Wars.

She lived like a princess surrounded by Arab retainers... and died there a dictator of the desert.

"This lively lady called herself the 'Queen of Jerusalem,' threw aside her English clothes, dressed like a sheik, and became more famous in her day than Lawrence of Arabia in his.

For a small consideration the Arabs will still show you her palace now crumbled to decay.

It is said that she was a good housekeeper to the last, and would lock the doors of the 200 rooms in her palace before leaving for a horseback ride to a nearby village.



JOINED Free French. Many Spahis, famous desert-bred cavalry, rode out of Syria when France collapsed to join De Gaulle's forces.

housekeeper to the last, and would lock the doors of the 200 rooms in her palace before leaving for a horseback ride to a nearby village.

She said there was nothing in the Koran to prevent the Arabs from stealing her English food.

Diggers will be able to buy in the dusty streets of Syrian towns lemonade that has been cooled by the snows of Lebanon, which is 5000 feet above sea level in a country of deserts.

The French build caches on the heights where the Arabs store the snow and carry it miles to cool drinks for thirsty wayfarers of the plains.

The towns of Syria have taken on more of a modern appearance since the League of Nations mandate gave the country to the French.

Tinkling tram cars run along the streets of Beirut, the dimpling blue sea peeps through the trees, and the snow-capped mountains tower at its back.

Here again there is an association with England, for St. George, patron saint of England, was the traditional saint of Beirut. He was martyred by a Roman emperor because he defended the Christians.

Crusaders claimed him as their patron saint, swearing that he aided them in battle.

His cross became part of the Union Jack, which now, after the lapse of centuries, flies over the towns where the saint fled from persecution.

Damascus, capital of Syria, has never been better described than by H. V. Morton, who says it is an Arab mosque city with a second-class French accent.

"You can disbelieve anything you have heard about Damascus except the beauty of its situation and the perfection of the foam of pink apricot blossoms which surround it."

"It lies on an enormous plain with sand-colored mountains rising up on the west. Across this plain flows a narrow river. It's wonderful in this parched land to hear the sound of running water. No wonder the Arabs drew their conception of Paradise from Damascus, which is literally an orchard enlivened by streams of running water."



MR. A. DALE,
Nelson Bay Rd.,
Beaconsfield, N.S.W.

who won the first prize of £100 cash in our last Figure Skill Competition.

• • • If you get
The Correct Answer!
You must win a prize •



Here is the Competition you like! There is no catch—there is no guesswork. **TWENTY-FIVE Competitors have already won £100 EACH** in past Figure Skill Competitions. So get to work now. Every entry is carefully checked by the Judges in the presence of all Newspaper Representatives.

1st PRIZE . . . £100
2nd PRIZE . . . £25

10 PRIZES at £1 each
50 at 10/- each

And a Special Prize for EVERY correct entry received.

Special Cash Prizes for YOUNG and OLD

*£10 BEST ENTRY (Over 60 years)
*£5 BEST BOY'S ENTRY (Under 16)
*£5 BEST GIRL'S ENTRY (Under 16)

SOME PREVIOUS WINNERS OF £100 EACH

Space does not permit us to publish ALL former first prize winners of £100 each but here are several picked at random:

Miss S. STRAHAN, Brighton Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.
Mr. C. W. ELBOURNE, Leeton, N.S.W.
Mr. J. MOULEN, McPherson St., Kogarah, N.S.W.
Mr. W. MANSFIELD, Bayview Rd., Belgrave, Vic.
Miss I. SNEDDON, Rostwell St., Bankstown, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. McNULTY, Fenton St., Dutton Park, Brisbane.

CLOSING DATE
6 p.m.
Tuesday, July 29.

Main prize-winners notified by wire on Wed., July 30.

RESULTS
Posted to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.

FREE!
EXTRA COPIES
Write to the address on coupon for 1 copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SIX SHOWN BY 6
NINE SHOWN BY 9

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- 1 Write down all figures shown in the above drawing. Do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single: e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
- 2 Add up all the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing your additions (as we can check them), along with the coupon and a stamped envelope, bearing your name and address.
- 3 All entries will be judged on the 30th July, by the Directors of the Weston Company Pty. Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Home Journal," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending the correct or nearest correct total. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general accuracy of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- 4 School teachers, commercial artists, draughtsmen and FIRST or SECOND PRIZEWINNERS in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering. This Clause will be strictly observed, and winners of major prizes will be requested to show proof that entries are their own handwork, in their own name, in order to secure their prize.
- 5 No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- 6 You may forward any number of entries on plain paper provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND ONE STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. (Do not forget this.) Send all entries in the same envelope.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, BOX 4120 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

* Age. The total of all figures in the above drawing is.....

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my entry showing the above numbers added up together with a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions (see Clause 4, above). I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN..... STATE.....

*Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

SPINOZA

**The autobiography of a cat . . .
in which is told the story of
a pretty woman saved from
the results of her own folly.**

By G. S. SMOLENS

I WAS a long time making my choice.

It would be this house and no other for some mystic, feline reason which I did not question. So I stroked my curving whiskers in complete confidence—but was grateful for the hedge that broke the raw November wind coming up with the dark.

In a semi-somnolent state I dreamed of succulent fish heads, titbits of liver, and fragile, tender chicken's feet. The night grew deeper, darker. Houses were snugly fastened against the encroaching cold. One by one lights were turned out.

My spirits sagged. A feeble light—over the garage door of the house against whose hedge I valiantly tried to warm myself—was the only friendly thing left in a friendless world.

I had my pride, but my nerves had limitations, and I was on the verge of yielding to the impulse to bewail my fate when, above the crunching of wheels on the drive, I heard a voice—a woman's. There was a sigh in it—and a laugh.

"Just look at those stars, Brian. Get me a handful, will you?"

It was enough. In a predatory life that demanded impeccable judgment and swift decisions, I had learned to classify humans by their voices. Hers sprang the bow that released me . . . The car stopped under the light over the garage. But already I was crouched on the top step against their kitchen door.

I leapt through the door as it was unlocked with an assurance that I did not feel. My voice, as I raised it, was finely attuned. Just the proper amount of piteousness—just the right amount of condescension.

"What ho, a visitor! How the dickens did he get in, Jenny?" The man laughed. He was big, and big men are easy prey! My tail rose in a plume of dignity. "Come here."

He stooped to touch me. I was wary, of course, but unafraid. "Well, it sounds as if you're inviting us in, doesn't it?" Again the easy laugh. "Don't mind if I do, old man. Whisky in the usual place? Thanks, it is a nippy night, isn't it?"

However, my battle wasn't yet won. It was she who would rule the kitchen . . . I turned my plea to her.

"Brian, he's lovely! Do get him some milk. He looks scared to death!" She was down on her knees on the shining kitchen floor, her dress a soft dark island round her. I purred ecstatically.

So came my introduction into the house of Brian and Jennifer Meredith. Brian Meredith was grumb-

ling. "Scared! What's he got to be scared about? Does he pay income tax? Has he got insurance premiums falling due to-morrow? Scared my hat! He looks to me as if he lives on the fat of the land!"

But I paid no heed. Did he not warm the milk he proffered me? And was not that milk carefully set down in a shallow saucer?

With a show of indifference I merely sniffed at the sweet aroma, praying that my famished stomach would not betray me. I knew, of course, that he did not mean what he said—we cats, too, know that people so rarely mean what they say—but I was not one for bargaining.

There was a rumbling chuckle from the big man above me. "Used to the better things in life, are you? Well, you'd better take what you can get. The milk of human kindness seems to be running short in this world, old man."

"**L**ITTLE whiskered druid," whispered the woman, "inky black—unfathomable," the slight twitch of my sensitive ears was a tribute to her delicate perceptions, "with eyes like bright new pennies. Solemn, wise, and you blink like a philosopher—if philosophers blink. M-m-m, I've got it, Brian. We'll call him Spinoza, with Spin for short. Look, he likes it! He smiled!"

I won't go so far as to say that I did. I make a fine distinction between appreciation and gratitude. However, I felt sure that she would lower. One has to be patient with women.

"Well," Jenny Meredith was arguing. I confess that I had allowed my thoughts to stray a bit. "Well, the term 'grinning like a Cheshire cat' infers that a smile is not so improbable. Oh, Brian, must you always be literal?"

This lovely kitchen, so precise and ordered, had lost its peace. I blinked my eyes against the bright light. I could hardly indicate more clearly that this was not the hour, or the place, for a discussion.

"Being literal," answered Brian, "never confuses the issue, Jennifer."

I had disposed myself as gracefully as possible in an inky sweep along the kitchen wall. I wasn't showing off exactly, just emphasising my better points. My tail—certainly indicating more than a "soupcon" of Persian—curled neatly beside me. I executed a tremendous yawn, and relaxed with a purr.

But there was something amiss. Jennifer stood straight and tall in the middle of the floor, the searching light over her reflecting the sheen on her smooth brown hair. Her eyes, very blue, a little frightened—why do women show their fright so easily?—had tired lines beneath them. She squared her slender shoulders.

"Which issue, Brian?" Her voice hummed low in her throat.

"Hm? Oh," he paused to push powerful shoulders out of his coat and stretch long arms. "Gosh, I'm sleepy. These parties in the middle of the week! Darned silly. Wish I had stayed at home and read that new book. Well—find a corner somewhere for

your new philosopher. You certainly have a penchant for attaching strays to yourself, don't you? Come to bed."

That's all there was to that . . . But my deep understanding of living told me that my new mistress, pressing soft hands against temples in a quick gesture as Brian left us, was troubled.

It was the very next day that Lily opened the door, and announced indifferently in her unpleasing falsetto, "Yes, sir, Mrs. Meredith is at home!"

I was purring quietly on Jennifer's lap, voluptuously pleased with the softness of her blue velvet hostess gown. The room was tranquil, warm. Content suffused my being. I slipped for a moment into the lovely half-world of cat-napping, my last conscious thought a satisfied approval of the liver that Jennifer had ordered for dinner. Interruption at that moment? A sacrilege! Well . . . from my point of view, at any rate.

So that when someone now came into the living-room, and a tremble shuddered through Jennifer's body, I was not surprised.

"Nicholas!" she cried. "Nicholas, you shouldn't have come here!"

"And why not, my sweet?"

My sweet! I opened my eyes. My ears stiffened. My mind had received an impression of the man before I saw him. His voice at once made me critical. However, he had his points. Tall, sleekly built, his blue eyes piercing, seeking, under black brows. He was the dominating male. I knew at once that his lightly spoken "And why not?" was cool insolence. He knew that any decision would be his.

Jennifer rose, and in forgetful agitation precipitated me to the floor. My claws clutched at the clinging surface of her dress. There was a ripping noise, and an "Oh, Spin, how nasty of you!"

I was seized in strong masculine hands and cuffed smartly.

"Ouch! You little son of . . . Whew, what a scratch!"

I had acted instinctively, of course—but I didn't regret it!

"I'm so sorry, Nick. Here, let me get something for it. Spin was frightened, I'm sure he didn't mean to do it."

"No? Well, he's got more than a little of the tiger in him, Jennifer. Get rid of him. He's dangerous."

Jennifer made a swift ascent to the bathroom, and returned with a first-aid kit. I crouched under the piano, well out of reach, but I listened carefully for her answer.

"Dangerous? Spinoza?" She laughed indulgently. "It's not Spin who's dangerous!" Swabbing the inconsequential scratch I had made on his hand, Jennifer stood very close to him, her head bent.

But at her words—provocative, I'll admit—the man swept both arms round her, imprisoning her, the bottle of iodine and the wad of cotton-wool a futile barrier against his chest. "Nick!" she gasped, "Let me go!"

There was no command in her voice. But I grumbled deep in my throat, anyway. If Jennifer gave me one sign . . . but they ignored me. So I smoothed with a quick tongue those hairs on me that might have been misplaced in my swift escape from Nicholas. Minding our own business at crucial times may be the secret behind our nine-lives tradition.

"Nick, don't!" Jennifer pleaded. This time Nicholas shrugged his big shoulders, moved silently away. In



"My drink seems to have gone to Spin's head," Brian said, looking up from the desk.

a gesture already familiar to me, Jennifer put slender hands against her temples. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she said, in a low voice. "I ought to hate you for what you do . . . you seem to cast some sort of spell, Nicholas." She looked quickly round the pretty room with dilated eyes. "At the moment, I'm not Jennifer Meredith . . ."

Gently, as only the very large can be gentle (I am versed in these things—my own size is considerable) Nicholas pulled her hands from her face. For a long time the two sets of blue eyes, so utterly unlike, gazed into each other. Then his arms were round her again, this time very tenderly. "Do to you? Just love you! Isn't that enough?" She stood motionless in the close circle of his embrace. I could hardly hear the whispered words, "Jenny, we've got to do something about this . . . Shall we?"

There was complete silence in the room. I felt my tail stiffening, apprehensive, uneasy.

"No!" Jennifer murmured at last, weakly. Then, more vigorously, "No, Nicholas, of course not. We're both being silly and childish—and terribly dramatic!"

Nicholas laughed. At the same moment I heard a key in the door. I felt the need for action, and came

quickly to rub myself against the softness of Jennifer's long gown again.

"Oh . . . Spin must have heard everything we've said, Nick. Just as well that he's a cat." But her voice held no disdain. There was something between a laugh and a sob in it. And a moment later, when Brian entered, I was purring contentedly in the crook of her arm as she switched on lamps in a swift turn about the room.

"Hello, Brian, I'd no idea it was so late. Nicholas just dropped in for a cocktail." Jennifer's voice was a series of staccato notes, struck too rapidly, and her grip on me well-nigh strangled the welcoming purr I was about to deliver for Brian. "I'm afraid I was a poor hostess, since Nick didn't get it after all. We had to do a little first aid instead. Do take care of the thirsty man, Brian. I've got to see about things."

Hurriedly Jennifer released me and disappeared from the room. We were left in a masculine world, each of us forlorn in his own way for the loss of her bright presence.

The men shook hands briefly.

Brian moved across the room and poured out the drinks carefully.

"Well . . . here you are."

Please turn to page 28



I reached the floor just in time to avoid soiling my paws, and stopped dead.

GRAND GESTURE

Witty and amusing story of a wily savage and a stubborn Englishman who crossed swords in an amazing battle of wills.

By . . .

GARNETT RADCLIFFE

TALKING of the British temperament," said my friend Major du Ballay, "reminds me of my friend Cartwright, of the Indian Civil Service. A remarkable service that, and Cartwright was a remarkable man. A unique man, I might almost say.

"It wasn't his cleverness, although he was clever. It wasn't his bravery, although he was brave. What was outstanding in his nature was his conscientiousness, his sense of honor. He was a Regulus of the twentieth century stationed on the north-west frontier.

"You remember the story of Regulus? How he returned of his own accord to Carthage to face torture and death rather than that it should be said he had broken his word? My friend Cartwright did much the same thing. He left safety, his friends, his wife, his children, and went back voluntarily to meet a fate more fiendish even than that which awaited Regulus because he had given a promise.

"A grand gesture, grand in the highest degree, but hardly common sense. Especially when you consider that the person to whom he had given his promise was an Afridi chieftain.

"You who have been on the Indian frontier and have had dealings with Afridis can appreciate why I said that. No white man really knows the Afridi—of all created races they are the most unguessable—but at least you know they are not appreciative of what we call honor.

"They live by stealth and cunning. To their way of thinking straight-dealing is a form of madness. What they applaud is the cunning lie, the stealthy trick, and the knife-thrust in the back, and they thank Allah who created the English so simple that even a child can trick them.

"It was to a man of that race, an Afridi of Afridis, so crooked in his ways that even his own tribesmen called him 'The Father of Cunning,' that my friend Cartwright had given his word.

IT was in Zerab State he gave his word, and it was to Zerab State he eventually returned like Regulus to keep that word. Have you ever visited Zerab? No! Well, picture seventy Gibaltars massed together in the middle of the Sahara, people it with the fiercest tribesmen in Asia, swarming like ants, and you will understand why it has never been conquered. It is impregnable. A nasty little pebble sticking in the gizzard of the Indian Empire that can never be digested.

"And, as such pebbles are apt to be, it was a cause of inflammation to the country surrounding it. I mean the Furious Gomal.

"My poor friend Cartwright held a theory about Zerab State. He was the political officer of a district that adjoined the Zerab border, and it wasn't long before he reached the conclusion that until Zerab was quietened and made friendly there would never be peace in the Gomal. Other men, also political officers, had thought the same thing, but unlike Cartwright they had never exerted themselves to find a solution.

"Cartwright was different. He was too conscientious to shrug his shoulders and say Zerab State was an inevitable evil. He felt it was his duty to his service to win the friendship of the Zerab Afridis, and when he felt that anything was his duty nothing in earth or Heaven could hold him back.

"He set himself to solve the problem. He probed, he questioned, he accumulated knowledge. It wasn't easy, since Zerab was almost as cut-off and unknown as a little island in the middle of the ocean. But things did leak across the border. And Cartwright gathered them up and fitted them together and pondered and planned, and in the end he thought he saw a solution.



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

The Khan paused in the act of drawing his sword and asked Cartwright what was the gift.

"It was based on what he had learned about the ruler of Zerab State. His, I mean the ruler's, name was Mustapha Khan, and he was an Afridi of Afridis, cruel, treacherous, cunning, and a sworn enemy of the Raj. But there were two chinks in his armor. The first was that he had an only son, a youth of 18, who was the apple of his eye. The second was that he was excessively avaricious. To Mustapha Khan gold was what blood is to a tiger.

"On those two traits in his character my friend Cartwright based his plea.

"You have heard of the Royal College at Poona for the Sons of Indian Princes? A wonderful institution where budding Maharajahs and Nawabs are taught to play cricket and football and to think as the English think. It is the Eton of India. In the old days Indian princelings were brought up by priests and dancing-girls; now they go to Poona and learn to play the game and to take cold baths.

"Cartwright's plan was to induce Mustapha Khan to send his son to the Royal College. He was looking ahead to the time when Mustapha Khan would be dead and the son ruling Zerab State. But the problem was, how could Mustapha Khan be induced to entrust his son to the care of the hated English?

"Through his cupidity, was the answer my poor friend conceived. Usually it is the parent who pays the school fees; in this case the position would have to be reversed. The Indian Government would have

to bribe Mustapha Khan for the privilege of educating his son.

"Cartwright went on leave to Delhi and talked with various high officials. They agreed with him that money invested in the future friendship of Zerab State would be money well spent. When he returned to the Gomal he had in his pocket a written assurance that the Government would honor whatever bargain he made with Mustapha Khan.

THEN he did a brave thing. Accompanied only by his servant, he went over the border into Zerab State and he trekked across those infested hills to the village where the ogre lived. It was a trip I wouldn't have liked to have done myself, and I've been in some queer places. It wasn't only death he was risking; it was torture. Those Zerab tribesmen were fanatics and what they would have done to an Unbeliever had they caught him had better not be imagined.

"Cartwright, however, refused to be deterred from doing his duty by any risks. Disguised as returning pilgrims, he and his servant begged their way across Zerab State. They had many narrow escapes, but even-

tually they reached Mustapha Khan's village.

"Even then it wasn't easy to get an audience with the Khan. He was a savage despot of whom even his own followers were afraid. Cartwright had to use bribery and cunning. And at last he got himself taken into the presence of Mustapha Khan, who glowered savagely at him and peremptorily ordered to one side a dusky beauty who was dancing for his entertainment.

"He was a bear of a man. Bloated, bearded, and with little red eyes like a boar. My friend Cartwright felt as if he had ventured into a grizzly's cave to rob the brute of its cub.

"But his sense of duty was stronger than his fear. He threw off his disguise and cried boldly to the Khan that he was an English officer, an emissary of the British Raj, who had come to offer a gift.

"The last word saved his life. The Khan paused in the act of drawing his sword and asked Cartwright what was the gift.

"Thirty thousand rupees, my friend Cartwright told him, and he saw the Khan blink. In Zerab State such a sum was wealth unheard-of. After a pause, the great man asked what return the Raj wanted for the thirty thousand rupees?

"My friend Cartwright took his life in his hands and told the Khan the condition of the gift was that he should send his son to be educated at the Royal College at Poona.

"It was as if he had touched off a powder-mine. The Khan made a blaring sound like a mad elephant and sprang at him. And the next thing my poor friend knew was that he was lying in the Zerab State prison with chains on his ankles and his wrists and a bump the size of a football on his head.

"He lay there for two days and nights without food or water. Then the Khan visited him and cursed him and told him what tortures were being prepared by the priests. Finally, he asked him if the British Raj thought his son was an ape who could be bought for a mere thirty thousand rupees?

"You heard wrongly," my friend Cartwright said. "What the Raj is offering is twenty-five thousand rupees only."

"He was a brave man, you understand, and knew his Afridi. On the next day when the Khan visited him again he reduced the offer to twenty thousand rupees. And so it went on. Though the Khan swore and raged and threatened him with unspeakable tortures, he persisted in that attitude. The longer he was kept in prison the smaller would be the bribe.

Please turn to page 14

BRIEF RETURN

Second Instalment of Our
Gripping Mystery Serial

SINCE the supposed death in a plane crash of the malicious and hated **BASIL HOULT**, his young wife, **ALICE**, has happily remarried, while **MISS MARY CHACE**, who inherited all his estate on his wife's remarriage, has found comfort and peace for the first time in her life at his lovely old home, **Tenacres**. She has brought Alice's sister, **JENNY SHORE**, to live with her there, and is watching with keen interest the growing romance between Jenny and young **DR. TOM TUCKER**. Alice is also at **Tenacres**, while her husband, **ROBERT BLAKE**, is away on a business trip, and one afternoon they entertain **ALASTAIR EVANS**, formerly Basil's greatest friend, also **CYNTHIA LOVEDAY** and her husband, **RODNEY**. After the guests have gone, to their horror Basil turns up, having only kept in hiding since the plane crash. Alice collapses, and when Jenny later appeals to Basil to divorce Alice he replies significantly that there is only one inducement.

Now read on.

AS he spoke, Basil looked at Jenny from under soft, light eyelashes, and Jenny interrupted.

"You must let her divorce you, Basil. Everybody knows the circumstances."

"You heard what I said," said Basil softly, still watching her.

Jenny's mouth looked white where the lipstick had smudged.

"How did you get here to-night?" she asked a little sharply, and with what seemed to be irrelevance.

Basil noted the irrelevance, too, for there was a small perplexity in his look. He said, however, "I got here, didn't I?"

"Don't be silly and mysterious, Basil. You had to come by train or car."

His narrow shoulders moved.

"As a matter of fact I came to Little Turnford by train."

"And then?"

"Look here, what does it matter?"

"It doesn't. Except I feel sure you wouldn't have walked from the station; it's four or five miles."

He was still a little puzzled; so was I, and not by her questions so much as a feeling of motive underlying them. He said: "No, I didn't walk. I started to walk, leaving my bags at the station. But a car came along—a man returning from town—and he picked me up and deposited me at the corner. Why?"

"I only wondered. It wouldn't have hurt you, Basil, to have let us know you were coming; it would have prevented giving Alice a shock—"

"A pleasant shock, surely."

Jenny said calmly: "Why say things like that, Basil?"

"Oh, very well; I'll admit Alice doesn't love me. But she's still my wife, and don't forget that."

He looked at her again, with a kind of secret meaning in his eyes, as if, by reminding Jenny that Alice was still actually and legally his wife and was likely to remain so in spite of everything we could do, somehow and mysteriously he had scored over her. It was as if there were some private feud between them, so old and familiarly known that it sprang up again immediately on their seeing each other, and it was unchanged and untouched by all that time of his supposed death. There was Alice, of course, and Jenny's stubborn defence of her against him, but that wasn't all.

Again, however, Jenny didn't reply; she was looking at him with the most curious steadiness and thoughtfulness, considering him. He said: "Ring the bell, will you, Cousin Mary? I want a drink."

"Don't move, Cousin Mary," said Jenny calmly. "He's quite capable of ringing the bell himself."

I had, however, already rung. I wasn't accustomed to Basil's way of demanding queer trivial obediences from everyone in his household; I

hadn't, as Jenny apparently had, worked out a formula for resisting it with a coolness equalled only by its deliberate rudeness.

"The same Jenny," said Basil. "I hoped you had changed—" he left that sentence without a period so that it became tentative. And Joe came to the door.

Poor Joe. I wished I had had a chance to warn him. He knew Basil instantly, of course. He came to the door and started to speak and saw Basil sitting there at ease in the armchair and stopped dead still, staring, while his face took on slowly a kind of plum-color and his lips went quite purple.

"Mr.—Hoult—"

Basil laughed.

"Hello, Joe. I've come home." He didn't offer to shake hands with him; Basil being Basil, he wouldn't have done that. And as a matter of fact, and in spite of the old man's ingrained respect for his family and every branch and connection of it, still I doubt very much whether Joe would have shaken hands with Basil. He would have made, of course, a tactful and ready excuse, but he wouldn't have shaken hands.

And Joe knew, too, instantly, what Basil's return meant to him and to me. I saw pity in his eyes when he turned to me. He didn't exclaim; he didn't show incredulity; he simply accepted it and said with dignity: "We thought you were dead, Mr. Hoult—You rang, Miss Mary?"

"Mr. Basil wants something to drink, Joe. Whisky and soda?" I asked Basil. He nodded.

"Right, Strong, Joe. And how's my cellar holding out?"

"You'll find things exactly as you left them, sir," said Joe, and went away.

Basil's eyes were angry. "I don't like that old man, Mary. I can't imagine why you've kept him so many years. You can take him with you when you go home."

"I wouldn't think of not taking him with me. And I'll be going at once."

"Please yourself," he said. And Jenny said: "Then no one yet knows you have come back?"

But of course no one knew Basil had come home; how could they know? No one, that is, except Jenny and Alice and me. And now Joe, I had forgotten for the moment the maid I'd sent up to see to Alice.

Basil was lighting another of his dreadful cigarettes, and he looked through the smoke at her and nodded. "No one but you. I'll send Joe for my things in the morning, but I daren't my clothes are still about the place somewhere."

They were, of course; I'd packed them away myself, along with boxes of old letters and papers that Alice had turned over to me, intending to give the clothes, as and when they were needed, to charity, but finding it a little difficult so far to discover anyone who needed (or, indeed, could be induced to accept) heliotrope satin pyjamas, and strawberry-pink shirts, hand-made with initials on their sleeves.

"I gave some of your tweeds away," I said abruptly. "But there are still enough clothes for a regiment."

Please turn to page 32

By Mignon G. Eberhart

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS



The moonlight was so cruelly clear, every detail was plain to Miss Mary's horrified eyes.

THE DUCHESS WORE BLACK

She was young ... titled ... but with thoughts only for her big family of evacuee children.

THE young duchess wore black. As she stepped from the plane and met the group of reporters she glanced up at the sky. "Empty," she said, "except for my first son in America."

The duchess was surrounded. She said: "All our children have been temporarily established. Everyone has been very kind. The crossing was quiet."

"How many children, duchess?" a young man asked, and when she looked at him he reddened, for she was beautiful. "Or should I have said, 'Your Grace?'"

"We've stopped bothering with titles," the duchess said. "And with form. There isn't time. One hundred and twenty-five children. Girls," she added, "from eight to fifteen."

"This is your private charity?"

"Certainly not. This is largely government. My friends have contributed. I'm not rich," she said. "No one is rich. It's a case of everyone pulling together. I was assigned to this job, that's all."

"No lipstick," a woman reporter noted.

"Are you a duchess in your own



Brading lifted the duchess out of the car, as though she had been a doll.

Illustrated
by
**LEONARD
GREEN**

right, duchess, or did you just marry a duke?" a reporter asked.

"I married the Duke of Harbeck five years ago," the duchess said. "The next year he was killed in a flying accident. There were no children. The duke was an only child and had no male relatives, so there is no succession."

"Why have you come to New York, duchess?"

"To see a man named Brading. To interview people who wish to take my children."

"Bim Brading?"

"Yes, I think so. He manufactures woollens. We need warm coats."

"Will you pose for the newsreels?"

"No."

The duchess was cool, taut, unhampered. She had sent an overnight bag to an hotel. She walked away from them to a taxi with her head in the air.

The group broke up. "She'll get there," said a reporter.

The taxi man touched his cap, for there was something about the duchess. "It's way down Fourth Avenue, lady," he said when she gave him the address.

The duchess asked the driver about the length of his stretch of work, about his pay, about how many he had in his family. The driver asked the duchess how many she had in her family, and when she said, "One hundred and twenty-five at the present time," he said how come and she told him.

When she paid him he handed her back his tip. "Keep it for the kids, lady."

"Thanks. Good luck to you," said the duchess.

"Mr. Brading," she said to the elevator man and was shot up through space.

"Mr. Brading," she said to the young woman at the first desk.

"Have you an appointment?"

"Yes. The Duchess of Harbeck."

The duchess sat on a stiff leather chair as she waited and a continuous little surge of people passed and repassed her as she sat, to look at the duchess and get drinks of water. "Thirsty, aren't they?" she said to the young woman at the first desk, so then the little surge of people stopped.

"Mr. Brading will see you now," the young woman said after ten minutes, so the duchess went in.

Mr. Brading was standing behind his desk. He did not come forward to greet her.

After a moment she said bluntly, "You're bigger, younger, not so arranged as I had expected."

"What do you mean, arranged?"

"The French version of arranged," she said, "means more than the English. May I sit down?"

He came out then from behind his desk and pushed forward a chair; a big man, of about thirty-eight, she judged, with a rumped coat—it should be pulled down sharply by someone—and a shock of black hair—which should be cut, brushed, tamed, she thought, made to lie down nicely like a good dog on a hearth.

"You're rather a shock to me," she said. "I was aiming at an older, steadier man. I had everything thought out for him. You don't look as if you made woollens."

"I'll stand, then. For four minutes, to sit down would be a waste, and I don't like waste."

"So pushing forward the chair for you has been a waste."

The duchess sat down. He said:

"In your wire you asked for coats. I don't make coats. I merely make materials for coats."

"Perhaps you could recommend someone to make them," suggested the duchess. "Perhaps you will give us the materials and someone else will give the workmanship. I haven't money for coats and my children are cold."

"How many children?" he asked.

"One hundred and twenty-five."

"That's easy," he said. "Let's have lunch."

"I have allowed no time for lunch. I'm a busy woman with other people to see to-day—people who have offered us their help, their homes."

"How much time had you allowed for me?"

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"One hour at the longest," she said. "I waited ten minutes. I've been in here five."

"That leaves us forty-five minutes for lunch," he said. "To his secretary he said, 'Send the car.'"

He took the duchess to a men's club set high above the city and showed her the buildings, the harbor, Liberty. "A little discouraged," he said of Liberty, "a little hampered. Still—steady."

At lunch he didn't look at the duchess, but now and then she looked at him and he was much too

big, she decided, too rough-hewn: his eyes too blue, too deep-set, his mouth too wide, his chin too ready for trouble.

"Armed, aren't you?" she said suddenly.

"What against?"

"Against me, at the moment."

"I'm giving you the coats," he said.

"You mean the materials," she said.

"I mean the coats," he said. "That's all settled."

"I didn't know," she said and for an instant she couldn't breathe. "Thanks. I'm sorry there are so many children. I wish there were more."

"Have you any of your own?"

"None."

"Are you happily married?"

"The duke is dead."

"No!" he said sharply. "In the war?"

"Four years ago."

"How old were you then?"

"Twenty-three—twenty-four."

"Have you finished your coffee?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Bring me a phone," he said to the waiter. Over the phone he cancelled his appointments for the day.

"Now we're free. Now we can take our time."

"I'm not free," said the duchess. "I can't take my time." She stood up and he stood up also. "Good-bye," said the duchess and she held out her hand.

"I'm going with you," he said.

They went down in the elevator. The doorman had the key to his car. "Where is your first appointment?" Brading asked her.

The duchess had to search in her bag for her list. There was a roar of traffic, horns blew. The duchess felt confused, hurried, suddenly. For the first time she couldn't find her list. "It must be America," she

said. "The speed. I'm not geared up."

"Get in," he said, "and look for it as we go."

The duchess got in. On the way uptown she found her list.

"Where is your first stop?" he asked.

The duchess consulted her list.

"Mrs. Ambrose—East—"

"I know Mrs. Ambrose. I'll wait in the car."

The house was a fine house. Mrs. Ambrose was waiting for her in the drawing-room—a tall, short-sighted lady who looked at her through an eyeglass fastened to a long, elaborate chain.

"This is delightful, Your Grace," said Mrs. Ambrose. "At last we meet. Three times we have just missed each other in London."

"Where?" asked the duchess.

"At the Pontowskis'. Isn't the countess delightful?"

"I don't know the Pontowskis."

"But you do," insisted Mrs. Ambrose. "They spoke of you often. They said—"

"They were misinformed," said the duchess bluntly.

During the moment of silence which followed the duchess looked around her. The house was dark—velvet curtains, over silk. One couldn't see out. The house was still, static.

"Now about the girl I may be willing to take," said Mrs. Ambrose. "She must be well born. She must be pretty, a potential deb. She must be orderly, quiet. She shall not have a radio and run it in her room. I have sensitive ears."

"Have you children of your own, Mrs. Ambrose?" asked the duchess.

"Not of my own. I have two step-children."

"Where are they?"

"They are away at school."

"Do they come home to you for their holidays or are they very popular and visit?"

Please turn to page 20

By LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 21, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

ROUND THE CLOCK in RED, WHITE, and BLUE



• For the coldest days—a nonchalantly-tailored coat in white tweed woven with a gigantic red-and-blue plaid. Huge, suspended pockets accentuate the hipline. (Below.)

• Youthful sailor style for spectator sports wear. Made in chalk-white silk crepe, with pleated skirt and sailor collar banded in red and blue. The slightly-bloused bodice is nipped into the waist with a blue suede belt. (Above.)

• Perfectly plain but striking frock of red-and-white striped wool is worn 'neath a loose-fitting swagger coat of heavy blue wool. Two huge red buttons garnish the neckline, which can be fastened high up to the throat. (Above.)

• Sensational dinner gown of frosty-white sheer wool that fits the figure like another skin. The neckline is cut in a deep square and the frock is highlighted with a yoke and side panels in bright blue wool banded with red.

• Gay version of the popular blouse and skirt style for dancing. The slender, high-waisted skirt is made in bright blue silk and topped by a simple, puff-sleeved blouse in white coin-spotted with red. A crushed red cummerbund encircles the waist. (Top left.)

• Casually - draped afternoon frock, featuring front fullness and a low V neckline and done in white silk crepe, candy-striped with blue. A swathed red cummerbund gathers the graceful fullness into a tiny waist. (Top centre.)



• Worth's superlative coat in heavy black cloth with slender bodice and swing skirt. Two huge panels and epaulets of gleaming silver fox add magnificent flourish.



• An unusual pocket effect and diagonal closing are featured in this coat of nigger-brown wool. The pointed collar, a modified Peter Pan, is of mink.



• Sleek-fitting coat of cloud-gray wool, buttoned down the front and edged with a deep ruffe of nutria to match the tiny collar and huge mull bag.



UNSURPASSED

For the Care of the Hands • As a Powder Base • For use in the Nursery • For soothing and refreshing the Skin • For men before and after Shaving.

1'1

Economy Size Double Quantity. 1/9

The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label
OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



• Dashing swagger coat, featuring back fullness and designed by Lucien Lelong in brown and beige finely checked tweed. For further charm fur revers, pockets, and cuffs.



Charming Trifles

MOLYNEUX is showing sprays of lacquered acorns set in painted pine needles for wear with tweed ensembles. The acorns are usually a brilliant yellow combined with needles in brown or husky-green.

SUEDE gloves, in colors to match every ensemble, are being finished with tight wristbands of fur. A favorite glove is in jade with a two-inch-wide band of Persian lamb.

FUR pixie hoods are going to look much more sophisticated, for they are to be worn with all sorts of veils from the stiff little eye varieties to the shoulder-enveloping bee-keeper types.

Fashion PATTERNS



F3245.—Slim-fitting day frock with high neckline and unusual front panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3225.—Trimly tailored pocketed frock done in easy tweed. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3172.—Smart matron's ensemble with flattering, loose-hanging coat. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds. for frock and 4½yds. for coat, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2127.—Lovely evening gown featuring a full skirt and covered-up bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 6½ to 7yds., 36ins. wide. Beading transfer, 1/6. Pattern, 1/10.

F2128.—Long-sleeved nightie for matrons, cut on slender lines. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1787.—Swinging skirt, topped by a pertly tailored, contrasting jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds. for skirt and 1½yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3227.—Day frock with long-waisted bodice and skirt showing front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Please Note

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

TROUSERS and shirts for sturdy young boys 2 to 8 years.

No. 1. Requires 1yd. for trousers, ¾yd. for shirt, 54ins. wide, and 1yd. contrast.

No. 2. Requires 1yd. for trousers, ¾yd. for shirt, 54ins. wide.

No. 3. Requires 1yd. for trousers, ¾yd. for shirt, 54ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under—
Box 168A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481C, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 4083W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 189C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4083W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 21/8/41.

Here is a story you'll never forget...

Girl's minute-to-minute record of ordeal of A.I.F. heroines in Greek campaign

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to present on this page the letter-diary of an A.I.F. masseuse who shared the tragic hours of the Greek evacuation.

We are proud to print it because it is so real, so moving, and so gloriously Australian...

With the terseness of a telegram her record of moments under the strafing planes of Hitler's Luftwaffe, of precious periods of rest in hospitals, of hazards on a ship fleeing from Greece came white-hot almost as these things happened.

It was never intended for publication; it was just a girl's letter home to her parents, but nevertheless it is worthy of a place in Australia's history of the war—as an inspiration to all of us—as a salute to the nurses and masseuses of the A.I.F. who shared with the men all the terrors of the Greek campaign.

By LEAH KNOWLES

Senior masseuse, who was with the A.I.F. in Greece

ARRIVED at Alexandria 8 o'clock this morning, a refugee in every sense of the word.

We had breakfast in the mess that has been turned over to us (one-time officers', I think), then found huts for ourselves—hard dirt floors and bed-boards, but I can sleep on anything now. Bed-boards seem quite a treat.

The men here were super—so relieved we were safe. Apparently the furies (rumors) had been ghastly.

Two or three times I was greeted as though I was a ghost risen again. But I'm still solid and earthy, and feel remarkably well now after four days' rest in Cairo.

My eyes no longer bulge and my skin is a bit better. The latter I'm afraid will never recover—shall have to save up for a series of beauty treatments in Australia, particularly for my back, which was unwashed for weeks.

Two medics went and collected parcels and mail for us, and brought back many bags. It was a thousand times better than Christmas. Shall never forget it.

We were starved for mail. I received 23 letters, seven parcels, and

some papers. Sorted them and piled up the family's—then sat and read and re-read. Being hellish tired, made me quite emotional, but I wasn't the only one...

Where shall I commence the rest of this letter. It all seems incredible. It's a nightmare really—although amazing how change of scene, quietness and new people and friends make it seem all like a crazy dream that never happened.

Four and a half weeks ago... it seems more like four months since we left for Greece.

After a route march, carrying our heavy packs on our shoulders we entrained. Cars chased us all along the main road, friends paying their last respects.

Cheering friends

AT each station they'd catch us up and throw us oranges (Jaffa ones that we missed so faithfully afterwards. No fruit in Greece). We ate our rations, the usual bully beef and biscuits.

Shockingly hot trip. Reached frontier at dark and had the same type of sausage we had when we first came from Australia. Had a raid there, just as a parting gift.

After four hours' wait we marched into the sand (real desert), trying to keep up with the lads, and nearly

exhausted. Our packs got heavier every minute.

We were ferried across to land and boarded another train.

Left eventually, still eating the remains of bully and biscuits, and longing for tea.

Our water bottles were godsend, and still are. Never will I be without one. Lord, no! They're good for whisky, brandy or lime if water is no good. Water so often is "no good."

During the day—sand blowing through compartments, heat, and flies—our Q.M. procured a kerosene tin from a passing wagon-lit. Have an idea it was part of King Farouk's.

He got it from somewhere. We had a stock of rations on the train, and men and ourselves had a cup of tea each. It tasted of kerosene and was lukewarm, but, oh, it was tea! (At this moment am just laddling tea out of a dixie; some sergeant brought it along).

On we went to Alexandria, all disappointed that we only passed through the poorest part of that city, and didn't stop, immediately boarded the ship, troops aboard ready to give us a welcome.

Kiwis, Aussies, and others... That ship was rather a nice one...

But the atmosphere was tense and, of course, we slept in our costumes.

For weeks all we've had to do was to remove shoes and to retire to the floor to sleep—in helmet on head.

Tin helmets! So used to them now as our only headgear, I've grown so fond of them that I probably will wear one at the races with a couple of poppies stuck in the top.

On that trip, we passed through Bomb Alley, relatively peaceful, although we didn't expect to get out short of swimming. As we approached the Grecian coastline, I was unfortunately ill...

From that ship we got into lots of little Grecian fishing boats—most precarious, and the Greeks were so excitable... the streets were lined with children and adults giving us a welcome and throwing flowers into the cars—prize carnations, roses, irises.

Passed through Athens before reaching this place—but there was little chance to see anything as you'd know.

There were ruins, of course, ancient and modern!



LEAH KNOWLES, one of Australia's A.I.F. heroines from Greece.

She stepped into bed... and her hands became softer and whiter!

"I used to think it was impossible to bring up a family and do all the housework without ruining my hands," says Mrs. McKnight of 3 "The Boulevard", Epping. "When my hands became red and rough I said to myself: 'well what else can I expect?' but I was wrong. You can keep your hands soft and white no matter how hard you work. You'll never do it with those sticky, greasy hand mixtures, but you will do it with Pond's Hand Lotion. When my chemist friend told me about Pond's Hand Lotion I tried it because I like Pond's Creams. Well the first thing I noticed was that Pond's Hand Lotion was not a bit sticky or greasy, so I got into the habit of using it every time I washed my hands. It felt so nice that I started going to bed with it on my hands. Now, to look at my hands, you would never know that I am the mother of three children and do all my own housework!"

Your hands should have this daily protection.

You know yourself all the things you do each day—housework, washing up, peeling potatoes, being out in the sun and wind—these take the

beauty out of your hands and make them red and rough. Unless you give them daily protection with Pond's Hand Lotion.

Use Pond's every time you wash your hands, and before bed at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin-softener—it feels silky and soothing on your hands, and keeps them soft and white. What's more, Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. It's more economical because you actually use less of this creamy lotion!

Do this every night for soft white hands.

Just before retiring, each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. A few nights of this treatment and you'll be thrilled to see how much smoother and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/3 a bottle at all stores and chemists, and 1/10 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.



★ Your chemist recommends it.

We settled into billets—the main mess for the officers and ourselves was a famous pub—health resort. But we were pretty crowded and sanitation over there is non-existent.

Tents any day for me—one knows what sort of dirt there is in a tent and how to deal with it. We were given tea that first night—bread, margarine (I became quite used to margarine, although it's so crumbly it ruined our costumes), and hot water called tea.

It had the most ghastly flavor—and was the color of hot water. There was none at all after that.

Meals became an amusing affair—and irritating, too. The Greeks couldn't understand us, and we couldn't understand them... Meals took 1½ hours, and we were starving afterwards.

However, we all took to Greek dried figs, and these kept us fit.

Some wards were tented as usual, except for theatre block, and that was in another pub most suited for the work. We soon worked.

Bombing raids

AT frequent intervals the Hun came over, waves upon waves of them—and did their doings. We were near an airport and therefore we had plenty of excitement.

Machine-gunning woke us each morning (could set the clock by it), and dive-bombing serenaded us at eventide. Curfew was 8 p.m. The noise of those four weeks is unforgettable.

At times we became nearly mad with the longing to see planes brought down by ack-ack (anti-aircraft). It was the same feeling nearly as watching a horse-race at Randwick.

They were cheeky, though—came down low and grinned. If I'd had a gun that could have fired only 50 yards, it would have done me. Parachutes you will have read about—thus our curfew.

It was a lovely sort of three weeks there—didn't leave the hospital area at all. Couldn't shop either. Greeks everywhere who couldn't speak our lingo.

We received batches of lads (our own, and mainly Kiwis) regularly

and at frequent intervals—too tired for anything but food and sleep—later their wounds were dressed...

Hear the Maoris were superb... went haywire in one instance... Ooily, those lads—when they'd had their sleep they loved to have us to chat to when we had time.

Plucky kids—every one of them, and they were so thrilled to hear our Aussie voices. Everyone pleased that there are Anzacs again, and officially.

They are good together, and have a great respect for each other.

Time passed like that—not placidly by any manner of means. I shall recount more when we meet again.

A few days before we had to rush out we were receiving warnings—we were always packed and ready, and for four days slept in our clothes.

We moved out of our billet into the larger one then, and my bedroom was the marble floor of a bathroom with a rug under me. That's nothing!

Suddenly one day things came to a head—most other people had left, then we were told to go.

Couldn't take kitbags and valises, but our young medics promised they'd burn them so that no one else could have their contents...

We all volunteered to stay—I know you'd understand when I say how I longed to stay behind, even though I'm so fond of my family. I can't explain why here.

There were many tears—a certain few of the girls were left for theatre work, but although the intention was that they were definitely to remain whatever the consequences, they also left twelve hours after us, and in just as much hurry.

Shall never in all my life forget saying good-bye to my many friends. Other surgeons left before us, as they had a job to do. But they loathed going.

Thirty of us were packed like sardines into English military trucks—only room to stand up. Haversacks containing rations for two days, and essential dressings, etc., were on our backs.

Continued on page 18

These gallant nurses are now overseas



● A HAPPY PICTURE taken in an off-duty moment of four nurses of the A.I.F., now safely arrived at an overseas destination. Something of the sterner spirit of the A.I.F. nurses' lives is told on the opposite page by Leah Knowles in a dramatic and heartrending description of

the nurses' part in the retreat from Greece. Somehow the two pictures match each other: the grim, terse word-picture of the nurses on active service and the laughing group (shown above) prepared to follow in the same tradition of courage in the call of duty.



BOYS & GIRLS! Enter This Simple Competition

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
IS TO WRITE IN NOT MORE
THAN 25 WORDS WHY YOU LIKE
BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



SLAZINGER'S
COMPETITION
RACKET

The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful Competitor a pair of Boy's or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941.)

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and "Brisbane Courier Mail" on April 29, May 27, June 24, July 29, August 26 and September 2.

Typical Competitor's Entry:

"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



Follow these Simple Instructions

- 1.—Write out your 25 words and give full name and address.
- 2.—Cut from the side Panel of a packet of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" the printed words "How to Prepare" and attach to each entry.
- 3.—Competition closes on August 29, 1941. Prizes will be awarded month to month. The judges' decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—The envelope containing entry must be addressed—CAPTAIN JOHNS, "Breakfast D-Light," Box 12, Haymarket P.O., Sydney.

Watch the Papers Each Month for Winners' Names

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smoke. All you do is to take 3 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts dissolving through the blood in 15 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolve. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the straining mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. R.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped asthma first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes ... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Grand Gesture

Continued from page 6

"Oh, it was a case of knife meeting knife when those two bargained, the astute Afridi and the unyielding Englishman. But the Englishman proved the stronger and in the end he got his way.

"He was released from prison, a durbar was summoned, and the bargain was made. For a subsidy of twenty thousand rupees Mustapha Khan was to send his son to the Royal College at Poona for two years. Oaths were sworn, men kissed their knife hilts and pledged themselves by the Koran. My friend Cartwright also had to swear after the Afridi fashion.

"He touched his forehead, his eyes and his mouth, and he sprinkled ashes on the ground. If he broke faith or if the Raj whose emissary he was broke faith, he prayed Allah might strike him mad and blind and dumb and burn his body in everlasting fires. Mustapha Khan swore likewise and they exchanged gifts as tokens of good faith.

"Finally, Mustapha Khan summoned his son and placed his hand in Cartwright's. The son was an under-sized lad with a pockmarked face, but it was plain how greatly the Khan loved him. Tears ran down his cheeks as he embraced him and bade him farewell. And he vowed to Cartwright that if anything happened to that boy he would follow him to the end of the world, cut his liver out, and bury him alive in an anti-heap.

"You will have no need to follow me, Khan Sahib," my friend Cartwright said. "I am an Englishman, and it is our custom to keep our promises. By the honor of my race I swear that if any evil happens to your son at Poona I will return to this place and you can punish me as you choose. My life will be a surety for his."

"I don't suppose," Major du Ballay went on after a pause, "that when my friend Cartwright made that promise to the Khan he imagined for a moment that he would ever be called upon to keep it. It was a mere matter of form, a way of reassuring the Khan about his son's safety."

"To proceed. He returned from Zerab State—he and the youth together, escorted by the Khan's soldiers. He took the youth to Poona, handed him over to the authorities at the Royal College, and then arranged for the payment of the promised subsidy.

"There was no difficulty about that. The Indian Government were delighted to pay the money. They thought Cartwright had made a good bargain; he was complimented and promised speedy promotion.

"And so all was well for three months, or perhaps a little more. And then a thing, the possibility of which had not occurred to my poor friend Cartwright when he made that rash promise, happened—Mustapha Khan's son died at the Royal College.

"He died of poisoning. It was self-administered, but it was not exactly suicide. What he died of was the cumulative effect of too much rice-loddy flavored with opium, too many hemp cigarettes, too much laudanum, hashish, whisky, champagne, and brandy, which had weakened his Afridi constitution to such an extent that when he caught a chill returning late one night from some debauch in the bazaar he just passed away like a puff of smoke.

"No one was to be blamed except himself. The authorities at the college had done their best to restrain his excesses, but he had been too cunning. And he paid the penalty for that cunning. Had he been content to play cricket and football and to take cold baths he might have lived to a ripe old age; as it was he died a nonagenarian aged eighteen.

"The news was telegraphed to my friend Cartwright, the nearest political officer to Zerab State. How he received it I don't know, for I wasn't there.

"Perhaps he spent a night wrestling with that iron conscience of his, trying to convince himself that his real duty was to his wife and family, to himself and the great service to which he belonged, and not to that rash promise given to that old scoundrel of an Afridi.

"Or perhaps he didn't even wrestle. Perhaps he just said to himself, 'I have given my promise, and I

must keep it whatever the consequences.' Knowing my Cartwright, I think the latter guess is right. Delaying only to write a letter to his wife, he set forth like Regulus hastening of his own accord to meet torture and death.

"A brave deed, eh? I wouldn't have done it, and I count myself a man of honor. But my friend Cartwright was unique. As I have said, it was the supreme grand gesture.

"He went alone, for he knew that from this journey there could be no return. He went in disguise, and as before he won his way through many dangers to Mustapha Khan's village. He bribed a servant, and at last found himself once more in the dreadful presence of the Khan.

"That must have been a bad moment. He had come with news that would turn the Khan into a raging tiger. Remember, it was an Afridi with whom he had to deal. An Afridi who had no more idea of fair dealing and justice than an ape.

"He didn't quail. Boldly he removed his disguise and disclosed himself to the glaring Khan. Already the Khan's face was suffused with blood like a plum. He was grasping the hilt of his sword and leaning forward as if he had guessed what Cartwright had come to say.

"My son?" he cried, and his voice was shaking like a tautened rope. "You have come back, sahib, to bring me tidings of my son?"

"My friend Cartwright bowed his head. 'Even so, Khan Sahib,' he said. 'I have come to bring evil tidings. Your son has died at Poona, and I am here to keep the promise I gave.'

"Then he waited. He was praying Mustapha Khan would strike him dead in his fury, for a quick death was the best he had to hope for. But that did not happen. Instead he heard grunting, groaning, gasping sounds like a herd of elephant drowning in a tempest.

"Those terrible sounds emanated from the Khan. When my poor friend looked at him he saw he was rocking to and fro, beating his thighs with his hands while tears poured down his cheeks. It seemed to my friend as if he had gone mad with grief.

"Before he could do anything a tall young man ran into the room, and when the Khan saw that young man he gave a shattering bellow and rolled on the cushions like a stranded fish.

"Sahib," he gasped after many minutes, 'how can my son be dead at Poona when he stands beside me



A TRIM, slightly flared frock in navy wool with a midriff section and bolero in petunia. With it a draped toque.

here? You have made a long journey to tell a lie. Allah may know the name of the father of that low-caste one I sent to be educated by the Raj, but I'm sure that I don't!"

"And that," concluded Major du Ballay, "is the story of my poor friend Cartwright. He got back to his district all right, for the 'Father of Cunning' was too pleased with the trick he had played to be angry. And actually good came out of it all, for before Cartwright left Zerab he got on friendly terms with the Khan and arranged a treaty of sorts.

"But my friend is unique. It is on his conscience that it was his fault that Mustapha Khan tricked the Indian Government out of twenty thousand rupees, and he is planning how he can repay the sum. I believe he will one day when he has become Viceroy of India."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

ST. IVES PRIVATE HOSPITAL

(Sister Hobbs)

WATERFALL ST.

PHON

Requirements for the Mother

- * 1 bottle Dettol Antiseptic
- 3 Nightgowns
- 1 Face Washer
- 1 lb. Cotton Wool
- 1 bottle Castor
- 1 bottle Oil
- 1 cake Soap
- 1 Safety Bundle

It might have been serious..

"Doesn't baby look well, now that troublesome rash has gone? Doctor said the main thing was to guard against further infection. That's why he told me to use 'Dettol'. Of course, I'd already learned about 'Dettol' in hospital, where they used it to safeguard baby and me in many ways."

'Dettol' is the modern antiseptic which is clear, clean and pleasant-smelling. It kills germs but has gentle action upon tissue. It cannot harm even baby's delicate skin and what's more, it is non-poisonous. 'Dettol' has been adopted by the great hospitals for use in obstetric and general cases. Every day more women are turning to 'Dettol' as an aid to intimate personal hygiene. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 and 3/8 bottles.



..if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'

Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Fur-clad guests . . .

CONVINCED that brides are oblivious of weather on wedding day when I see Joan Tyler arrive at St. Mark's to wed Richard Shaw in summery, pale blue sheer frock, while we are muffled in ears in woollies and furs—and still shivering in freezing westerly.

Bridesmaid Henrietta Loder is not so hardy. She covers pink wool frock with fur coat, handing it over to usher Bob Ashton's care only when she walks down aisle.

Governor and Lady Wakehurst arrive soon after Henrietta . . . "Is my hair tidy, Mummy?" she asks as Lady Wakehurst pauses in porch.

No trace of nervousness from bride or groom . . . in fact youthful bridegroom, who is R.A.F. wing-commander, says in his speech at Royal Sydney reception, "It's not half so nerve-racking as my first day in a plane."

Cheery speech made, too, by Engineer-Commander G. I. D. Hutcheson proposing "bride and bridegroom." Much cheerier than he felt, says he, as he got his Federal income tax only few hours before.

Lots of bride's Varsity friends among guests . . . Betty McCay, Joan Lal, Ruth Sanger, Peggy King, Bobbie Tivey, Betty Cohen admiring her diamond-and-emerald brooch which is groom's gift.

Just straight out . . .

HEAR from Joan Holman, Lady Wakehurst's new secretary, who replaced Joan Tyler, that there's a bit of confusion about pronunciation of her name. Since it was published when she first arrived in Sydney that it was pronounced without the L, most people are carefully saying "Ho'man."

"So nice of anyone to bother," says she, "but I'm afraid it is just plain Holman."

Family ring . . .

SUPER engagement ring for Margot Kelsall . . . beautiful diamond solitaire which has been handed down in Robertson family for many years. As soon as Jimmy Robertson and Margot telephone the J. O. Robertsons at Gundagai to tell them of engagement, Mrs. J. O. sends her diamond ring to Sydney for Jimmy to present to his 19-year-old fiancée.

Engagement announcement is surprise to everyone. Margot comes by plane from Wagga to see Jimmy in anti-aircraft march, and they say "We're engaged" two hours after she arrives. But no wedding plans yet.

Both families delighted as they have been friends for years . . . Jimmy and Margot's brother Tom (now Acting-Sergt. Kelsall, R.A.A.F., Rhodesia) were school friends. Margot is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Hastie Kelsall, of Broughton Brook, Wagga.

While in town she is guest of Winsome Aboud, with whom she was at Frensham.

Did you know? . . .

NAN GOODMAN at her Gordon home is hostess to Betty Spring, of Melbourne. Betty is staying few weeks in Sydney helping at canteens while her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Spring, visit Southport.

Dickie Holborrow chose powder-blue wool ensemble, violets as decorative note, for wedding to Bombardier Ian Wall at St. Philip's. Fifty guests entertained after ceremony at cocktail party at Usher's Blue Room.

On and off the ice . . .

PUT on my skates and off to Glaciarium for skating matinee and fashion show arranged by Lord Mayor's Fund Younger Set. Find that most of these decorative young committee workers can also skate . . . Lysle Mason and I are about only ones who cling fondly to Beginners' Alley.

Kath Menzies waltzes by in stunning Tyrolean suit of emerald and coral . . . Pauline Crick in blues, cousins Shirley and Pat colorful nearby. Muffled in ermine to look on are the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Crick), Jean Grace (thrilled about just-received cable from airman husband in England) and Mollie Human. Phyl Goodwin in squirrel jacket, pearls, and appropriate ice-blue velvet toque.

Lois Abrahams, looking "very Melbourne" in perfect black tailleur, spectates with another young-married, Joan Hepworth.

And don't be fooled if you see photo of Mrs. Norman Waterhouse against background of snow-capped mountains . . . I see her posing in front of realistic curtain.

New diamonds . . .

FELICITATIONS for Philippa Street and Lorna Hagon, both wearing new diamond solitaires. Announcement of Lorna's engagement to Dr. John Sevier is not exactly surprise, but Pip Street's engagement to international cricketer-journalist Jack Fingleton is news.

A lovely bride . . .

MEET country girls Ned Capp and Nan Raffan dashing about town with sketches of bridal frocks and patterns of pastel satins and marquisettes . . . choosing designs for July 5, when Ned weds Murray Robertson at St. Mark's. School-friend Nan, who comes from Pine Park, Humula, is the only bridesmaid.

Tall, slim, and fair-haired, Nerida will make lovely bride. Ceremony will be followed by small reception at Redleaf . . . comparatively quiet celebrations because her brother Colin and so many of their friends are abroad with A.I.F.

Murray, who went to England several years ago with The King's School football team, is waiting to be called up for R.A.A.F. duty. They will live at Yoorrooga, formerly part of the Crossing property, Colly Blue, near Quirindi. Yoorrooga is only a few miles from Goran Lake, home of the bride-elect's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Capp.

Ned goes home this week, returning a week before the wedding, in time for party Murray's mother, Mrs. Ida Robertson, will give in her honor at the Queen's Club.

Seen around town . . .

MELBOURNE visitor Nielma Myer, gold kangaroo fastened to lapel of blue tweed suit . . . lunching with Nancy Baldick.

Smart in unrelieved brown, June Harris. Her small felt boater trimmed with flyaway brown birds and veiling.

And heard . . .

HAL WALKER consistently referred to by cafe society as "that geographical young man." He is here from America to write about Australia for "National Geographic Magazine."



• TABLE FOR TWO. Lieut. Alan Fischer and Daphne Johnston go to Prince's to dine and dance.



• EARLY ARRIVALS at Army Ball. Trocadero. Captain D. W. Cameron, committee president, and Barbara Finlay. Proceeds for Army Queen Diana Massie.



• TAILORED SMARTNESS for mother and daughter. Pat Hollingdale and Mrs. E. L. Hollingdale at mannequin show in aid of Free French, Australia Hotel.



• BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN. Molly Taylor (left) and Dorothy McGinty sorting warm clothing sent in to Daily Telegraph depot for victims of air raids.



• IN HYDE PARK. "There he is," says Ailsa Robertson to Margot Kelsall, both looking for her brother, Jimmy Robertson, in anti-aircraft march. Margot and Jimmy have just announced engagement.



• PRETTY BRIDE Mrs. Ian McDonald has veil straightened by bridesmaid Tuppy McDonald at reception, Romano's. Formerly champion ice-skater June Weedon.



• LOVELY white crepe frock, embroidered all over with milk-white sequins, worn by Melbourne visitor Joan Barclay, dancing at Romano's with Norman Hill.



• ICE FASHION SHOW holds interest of Mrs. Gordon Ross and Mrs. Ken McCathie. At Glaciarium party held by Lord Mayor's Fund Younger Set.

An Editorial

JUNE 21, 1941

OUR REPORTER FLIES TO DARWIN



of the A.I.F. there.

Her visit was a tremendous success. All over Australia, women eagerly read her lively accounts of how our men were faring there.

The men themselves were immensely cheered to receive a visit from someone from home.

Last week we sent Mrs. Shelton Smith to Darwin to make a similar record of our fighting forces there.

These troops have turned Darwin from a mere doorstep of the continent into a strong fortress against our enemies.

While our eyes are strained towards the Middle East and the sufferings of our fellow Britishers in England, we are perhaps apt to forget that we have a potential front on our own shores.

Our soldiers at Darwin, though they have not left Australia, are nevertheless at battle stations, and we want them to know that we realise they are playing a vital part in the war plan.

We believe that Mrs. Shelton Smith's visit will cheer them as the troops in Malaya were cheered by such a token of interest at home in their welfare.

We know how avidly mothers, wives and sweethearts will read every word telegraphed back from Darwin.

It is the constant prayer of every Australian that this country may be spared the physical impact of this most terrible of all wars, but it is essential that we be prepared.

Australia will be heartened by first-hand news of how the job is being done at Darwin.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

HIGHLIGHT of this week's letters is one from a soldier who tells how a visit to a neighboring village nearly cost him and a mate the chance to get out of Greece.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of or extracts from letters from soldiers, sailors, or airmen.

Other mothers, wives, and sweethearts will be interested to read them.

A minimum payment of 5/- will be made for each extract published.

Private K. N. Duncan, who was in Greece, to his father, Mr. Neville Duncan, in Sydney:

"I BECAME separated from the regiment in Greece when our tractor broke down, and they have not turned up yet, so if you get a cablegram that I am missing just keep it as a souvenir, as I am safe.

"Later we were laid up in an olive grove about 6 miles from the beach, waiting to be taken off. We thought we might not get off at all. The German Air Force had bombed and machine-gunned for three weeks, so everyone was in various stages of irritability and 'jitters'. Everyone's black past was looming large in front of him; in short, we felt like a prime rooster must do at Christmas.

"Deciding to evade this uncongenial company another chap and I went into a large village nearby, dug up our school-learned French, which nearly every Greek speaks, and made dates with a couple of girls.

"We made 'whoopie' in the town, and late in the afternoon we kept the dates we had made that morning. We went to their home and were introduced to their people; they gave us a wonderful reception, and we dined there.

"On our arrival back in the olive grove we were horrified to find the place deserted except for an abandoned truck riddled with machine-gun bullets, and my tin hat—the only part of my entire equipment that I was to take out of Greece except my rifle.

"We didn't waste any time hitting the road for the beach. Told that it was only six miles away we decided to walk, but after the first 200 yards we 'cracked up,' so we stole a truck from an ex-wagon lines nearby and drove like mad in the right direction.

"After about three miles of fairly straight road we found that the truck's steering gear was damaged.

"So we hitch-hiked on a bus for another seven miles where the road branches and the bus went the wrong road.

"The next car we picked up was a Fifth Columnist car with a load of amatol and two tins of poison, two automatics and a shotgun on board. Of course, we did not know this until later, when the car was searched by military police on the road near the beach. Anyway, we were too tired to worry.

"I was sitting beside a fat old Hun in the back seat, under which was enough explosive to blow a hole in a battleship. He spoke English, and so did the rest, which was very strange, as English, as I have said, is not a much-used language in Greece.

"About two miles from the beach we were halted by military police, and it was there that I found the chaps whom I had joined after losing my unit early in the piece.

"So on a certain dark night on a small and 'secret' beach we waded out to our waist in ice-cold water and were dragged on board lifeboats lowered from one of the many destroyers.

"And so terminated the most eventful and exciting three weeks of my life. Well, I joined this show for excitement, and have I got it? I ask you!"

Winnie the War Winner



"You distinctly said to see that all windows were blacked out."

Leading-Seaman Len Hayes, in H.M.A.S. Perth, to his mother at Port Melbourne, Vic.:

"WE have just finished one of the most important jobs that we have had since arriving in the war area.

"We were in the evacuation of Greece, and for some time we had some sleepless nights. I didn't mind in the least, I'd willingly go through the same thing to-morrow to get the boys off.

"We steamed into a small bay in the middle of the night; the soldiers came aboard in barges, and gee, were they glad to get aboard. They were not sure whether there would be a ship to pick them up or not.

"Their faith in the Navy is amazing—if you were to listen to them you would not think that we were ordinary men just doing a job, but angels doing miracles. They did not say a word about themselves unless we pumped them.

"Naturally we had a busy time with enemy aircraft, but they did not land any bombs close to us. I had some real good targets and at times I wasn't far out with my shooting.

"One of our officers, who was in a position to see everything, said that I hit a Junkers 88, and that there was tons of smoke pouring out of his starboard engine.

"Hospital ships seem to be more in the Germans' line than anything, although the pilots are so doped with drugs they don't exactly know what sort of a ship it is except that it is British.

"So long for the present, Mum. I hope you are as healthy and cheerful as I am. You are silly if you go worrying over me; I'm having a great time, and there isn't a thing to worry about."

Leading-Aircraftman C. A. V. Hartley in Canada with the R.A.A.F. to his sister at Newmarket Rd., Wilsonton, Qld.:

THE people over here are very hospitable and we get more invitations to private homes than we can accept.

"Of course, as you can guess, we spin them a few tall yarns. One, for example, 'Kangaroos are trained to carry mail in their pouches from one station to another and place the letters in the boxes.'

"You'd be surprised at the people who believe this.

"Last Saturday morning a big War Savings Certificate Rally was held in which all the armed forces in Calgary participated.

"We marched through the street lined with people. We stole all the cheering from the Canucks (Canadian forces). I noticed this as I was in the leading flight of Aussies and second man in the line.

"On a broadcasting stand a man giving a commentary on the march announced, 'The boys from down under are now approaching.' You should have heard the cheering.

"Over here we have a wonderful reputation, and it certainly makes me feel proud to belong to a country that is held in such high esteem.

"People in cars pass their own men and give us a lift. The Canucks get 'crooked' at this, and they often say, 'What have you guys got that we haven't?'"

A transport-driver in hospital in the Middle East to his sister at Flinders Park, S.A.:

"I HAVE plenty of time for writing now as I am in the hospital. Have put in a few painful days and nights, but I'm coming good with a rush now.

"My truck went up and my leg is a bit burnt.

"Our hospital is on the porch of a church in a little Italian town. It's Sunday to-day, and all the civil population have come to church. I'm lying right near the door, and am getting all the sympathy in the world from these people as they pass into church, but as it is in Italian I can't savvy very much of it.

"It's a lovely day, and the war seems far away; the kiddies have their good clothes on and some of them are very pretty.

"In the house across the road two priests are sitting having a cup of tea. It all seems very peaceful."

Lance-Corporal E. W. Le Page, who has been in Greece, to his sister-in-law in Wangaratta, Vic.:

"WE are resting peacefully so far after rather a hectic time across the way.

"At times we thought we would never see dear old Aussie again, and there are many things which it is best to forget.

"We were over in Greece some time before the Huns advanced, and had the wonderful experience of being able to look over the fine old city of Athens before moving up.

"Gee, you should have tasted their plonk, about 1jd. a bottle. Half a bottle, and you'd see stars for days.

"One day I was without water, and had a teaspoonful to wet my mouth.

"I thought someone had put a red-hot stove in my mouth. The boys used to reckon they used it for preserving eggs."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





The SERGEANT gets a D.C.M., but it isn't a medal

Private Willie under fire . . . of the prisoner's best friend

Dear Mother,—That there bloke in history what said an army marches on its stomach he weren't so far wrong after all.

I always used to think they must have been a mistake in translation, but blime I marched so far on my stomach to-day I got sobsters on it and the pattern has been rubbed off my buttons, anybody'd think I belonged to a labor battalion, including me.

WE have been practising advancing under cover, only there ain't no cover it's menagerie. When the whistle blows you flop down just where you stand.

We been practising in a field which is the drawing-room of a herd of cows, leastways I expect they think it is a drawing-room but to us it looks more like a kitchen.

After you have flopped the idea is to otcch yourself along on your knees and elbows just like a snake in the grass but they don't even have snakes up here it's too cold.

If you stick your booms-a-daisy up too high the sargent raps it with his swaggar stick and that counts one wound, more if the enemy is supposed to be using machine-guns. Blime, I was a stretcher case in the first five minutes.

They gave Sargent Turvey a D.C.M. for swiping me one on the kisser because of the larks the fellars

played on him over me minding his girl. But that don't always mean a meddle, this time it was a district court-marshal which is a kind of police court.

I didn't bear him no malice aforethought but I couldn't help myself. When they asked me did he sock me on the jaw all I could say was not half. I ain't above a bit of forgery in a good cause but I knew there was about 20 other witnesses so it was no good saying I slipped on a banana skin.

So then Flash Alf—he was doing prisoner's friend fatigue—cross-examines me and says did I give the sargent any provocation.

Well I didn't know what that meant but I could smell the answer was no. Then he starts questioning me about what went on in Sargent Turvey's hut aperiently he don't seem to know it was all a gag so I puts him right and tells him exactly how things was.

Well would you Christmas-Eve but he starts trying to make out

Dear Mother

Being the letters home of a soldier son.

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

as how I'm a liar. What did you talk about he asks? We talked about the weather, I answers. What for three solid hours, he comes back.

Well, I says, mebbe we didn't talk about the weather all the time. I remember now she asked me quite a lot about Sargent Turvey.

And so, he comments very sarcastic, these two topics of conversation occupied you for a matter of three hours. Yes, I says.

You must have been saying the same things over and over again, he remarks. Well why not, I retorts, blime it'd be pretty hard going talking to a skirt if you had to say something different every time you opened your trap.

Some of the officers laughed but it didn't need that to tell me I'd got one back at him. Anyway, I adds, you been practically saying the same thing over and over again for the last ten minutes, you only been trying to make me out a fifty-oner.

A what, he gasps. A fifty-oner, I repeats, an oh-my-er, a musical instrument like a harp, a Nasty-fler . . . you know!

Just then the kernel, he is a lord in private life, puts his spoke in. I think—ah—the witness means liar, the term fifty-oner derives from the Roman numerals for fifty-one.

I see, says Flash Alf, and are you a—er—fifty-oner, Clark? Yes, I says, who ain't, but not just at the moment, you've got it all wrong. If I'd have been out for telling lies to-day I should have said that Sargent Turvey never hit me but I slipped. Unfortunately I can't do that because there's too many other witnesses.

Narrow escape

FLASH ALF turns to the officers who were sitting around a half-moon table and says, the court will take due note of the credibility of this witness. Now Clark, he says to me, what you have just said is very interesting, why were you prepared to shield Sargent Turvey.

Look here, I replies, I keep on telling you it wasn't his fault, some of the troops had been pulling his leg. Me and Sargent Turvey is the best of friends, why he was going to get me a stripe. Indeed, says Flash Alf, how long have you been in the Army, Clark? Eight weeks I told him.

And during that short period, he says, you have acquired two entries on your crime sheet . . . Blime, I says, who's being tried by this court-marshal Sargent Turvey or me.

Then he turns to the officers again and says I submit that the evidence of this witness cannot be accepted. It seems perfectly clear that Clark seized the opportunity to carry on with Turvey's inamorata. It is clear, he says, that Turvey acted under extreme provocation and I submit that the case will be met by administering a severe reprimand.

That's what I thought too, but Flash Alf has certainly gone a funny way about it. In the finish the court-marshal didn't take any notice of him, they reduced poor old Turvey to the ranks so now he is a private same as me.

"We been practising advancing under cover in a field which is the drawing-room of a herd of cows."

After the trial Turvey comes up to me and he was very decent about it all. Look here, he says, I'm convinced now there was nothing in it between you and Elsie and I'm sorry I dotted you one. However, if so be you feel like dotting me one back we can have a to-do. It will be quite all right as we are now both privates.

Well, I says, I don't harbor no hard feelings and I'm sorry you lost your stripes. As for dotting you one back you are smaller than me and it would not be fair for me to fight you. So then we shakes hands.

I ain't worrying about my stripes, says Private Turvey. I'll have em back inside three months then I'll see what can be done about you.

Blime, I says, you ain't half an optimist I shall never get no stripe

under Flash Alf. That's what you think, he says, when you been in the army as long as I have you'll realise it's a funny place. I got my stripes for knocking a bloke out and I lose em for the same thing.

How come, I says. Didn't you know, he says, I got my stripes after I won the middle-weight boxing championship of the regiment.

Blime, I thinks, thank goodness I didn't take his offer of a scrap, it would have been murder with me as the victim.

However, I must close now. Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present,

Your loving son, *Willie*

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

Take It!



The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken down and devalitised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health.

Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the

system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis: gone & I have never felt better."
"Varicose Veins quickly healed after 12 years of untold hardship."
"Elasto has banished my Eczema."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1334E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores every-where. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Best by Test for the Chest

CHEMISTS—STORES DON'T KEEP HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—THEY SELL IT!!

EVERYWHERE

2/6 and 4/6



ANNETTE KELLERMAN DANCES UNDER WATER



• Famous for her "Water Ballet," renowned as swimmer and screen star, Annette Kellerman says "I take my Philips Radioplayer everywhere — just couldn't practise without it!" Miss Kellerman's Radioplayer goes now with her on her country tour to raise funds for the Red Cross.

You can be one of the many thousands throughout Australia who enjoy every moment of ownership of a Philips Radioplayer. Your nearest Philips Accredited Retailer will bring one to your home for a demonstration — without the slightest obligation. You can become a Philips owner for a few shillings weekly.

PHILIPS
RADIO
"It Beats the Band"

Listen to Jack Davy's new show, "It Beats the Band," every Sunday night, at 7.30 through 2GB, 2AW, 3BL, 7HO, 7LA, and leading Country stations; at 7.30 through 3DN and 6.45 through 6PR & 6PM.

PHILIPS RADIOPLAYERS, LAMPS AND VALVES ARE MADE BY AUSTRALIANS FOR AUSTRALIAN HOMES.

VIM
Polishes as it
cleans...
Keeps pots and
pans shining

A LEVER PRODUCT

7,101 31

A STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

Continued from page 12

THEN there was the water bottle, respirator, and so on. Our collarbones are still bruised.

We had to speed, I can tell you. Many times we thought we'd turn over as others did. We reached a certain spot at evening and got into other trucks joining New Zealand and English girls. Quite a long line of us.

Drove all night without lights, tearing hell-for-leather round and down mountain passes. We all acted as spotters, although we had two Tommy lads on our truck who were detailed for the job, and weren't they superb. They sang to us and joked all night long.

I made one lie on my knees so that he could get a couple of hours' sleep before dawn, when trouble always started.

We were packed tight, and our feet were numb—this was a nuisance as at frequent intervals we had to jump down off the back of the lorry (quite a leap), and dive off the side of the road so that the "visitors" wouldn't see us.

No need to make it easier for the beasts. We didn't eat or drink. Some of us had whisky, and it was a great refresher.

The driver, poor devil, was at the wheel all those grim hours—and couldn't use headlights.

At one spot, just at dawn, it took three hours to go one and a half miles. We had fun and games, and hide and seek, all scattering in every direction, and every man for himself. The latter was "orders."

Still and all, I couldn't help counting my heads to see if my staff got up off the ground again.

Planes came down out of the blue it seemed, and hardly gave our spotters the chance to yell to us.

They're amazing! There were times I had my eyes glued on the sky—everyone had to help—and before you could bat an eye, the darn things were twenty feet or less over the trucks.

Dawn was an unspeakable period, machine-gunning and dive-bombing, and our ack-acks popping back.

I was deaf pretty early in the piece—recovered after a long while only to be deafened temporarily again on the sea. But quite a few had eardrums split.

After dawn we drove through a pass at break-neck speed, then slowed up to clear some mess away (lots of mess), and the men had to repair the road. As we were sitting waiting, along came the merry lads, and off we scattered again.

After the first raid, one soon learnt to kiss the ground pronto. And many were the times we had our faces in manure, or in potato plots. Barley fields and red poppies will always in the future remind me of machine-gunning. There were lots of these fields in Greece, and we seemed to be always lying in them.

I won't tell you of the things seen on the route—it's not good writing. But I can say we all felt 10 years older in a very short space of time.

Another thing I can say—my greatest relief was to find I wasn't scared and therefore not a nuisance. There were others to help, and one soon forgets oneself.

And really, after all that business the individual just doesn't count. We're absurdly unimportant.



OFF TO WAR. Nurses, now arrived at their overseas destination, sail out from a home port.

One's just a sort of atom, and it's a good and sane way to think of oneself. I have an idea Dad would be glad to know I didn't disgrace myself or others—and that I could keep my head.

None of us ever really expected to eventually arrive anywhere—and settled down to it.

All I could think of, when I wasn't counting massuses' heads, was that it would be a pity if, in the event of anything happening to me, I made you all unhappy.

Really one doesn't care much—it's others one thinks about, and it's that that helps. Aren't I getting soap-boxy?

Well, about 7 o'clock one morning (we were still in our convoy of trucks) we arrived at a cemetery. You know, I can't help laughing when I write that word.

It's been the subject of much joking since. Lots of lads had arrived

"My greatest relief was to find that I wasn't scared. There were others to help and one soon forgets oneself."

there, too. A First Aid station was installed and a few jobs attended to. Then we opened tins of bully and sat down to eat.

All that day in that place we were raided—merry hell all right. There were crowds there.

Some of the men still needed attention, and in between we snatched sleep between two new graves. M—and I found them side by side, and we claimed them. There we ate bully and slept all day and used it as an air-raid shelter, too.

Waited till dark and moved on again for a few miles.

Then we were told we had to look out for ourselves on a one-mile march—not to stop if the next girl was machine-gunned, and to drop packs by the wayside if we couldn't manage them.

I think of all this was the worst part.

Instead of marching we had to all but run—my overcoat, balacava and shoes were soaked with perspiration.

First I threw my respirator away, then things out of my haversack—dumped bully out of my pockets and all but dumped myself.

The lads who had joined us and

were refugees like ourselves encouraged us.

They just dumped everything but their rifles.

Times when a girl or two just sat in the road and needed pushing so that she wouldn't be left behind.

It was pretty grim and too dark to see if we were all present. But we escaped planes—the darkness helped.

Reached fishing-boats and just sat on the floor, all piled in together (used to smells now, and what smells) and pushed out.

Sailed for a while and saw the harbours—but wished we didn't have to see them.

Much happened that night.

Reached a destroyer and were dragged aboard. No ladders to climb up.

One girl fell in the water between boats and a lad went in after her—the crew were marvellous and braced their legs between the boats to keep them apart. Got them up safely.

Heard an R.A.N. say, "Gawd, boss, bloody females!" They hadn't expected women—thought they'd left Greece ages before.

Never will I or anyone else forget those men—that sort of ship is built for speed, not accommodation. But they were grand.

We were scattered about the flat deck, under guns for cover and most went straight to sleep.

Some petty officers took six of us down to the wardroom, and there they fed us and gave us their hummocks. They wrapped us up and we were fast asleep before we knew it.

And that meal—bacon, bread and real butter, and huge dishes of strong tea, and cigarettes.

The captain, a dear, took another group to his small cabin, and all the men did as much as possible for us. Woke at 6 a.m. next day to find our petty officers shaving and making themselves pretty.

The captain said he'd never known his men so particular re appearance before.

They fed us two-hourly — we needed it.

I've never known a faster ship—as soon as we were off the fishing-boat she scooted. Out before daybreak was necessary, after what we'd seen in the harbours.

At lunch, as the men were getting sausages and peas ready, we had

one of the biggest raids—two of us who were near one of our ack-acks were blown into the galley.

The cook shot out and manned his gun, then said to me, "Stir the peas like a good soul"—that made me collect my senses and come down to earth. After 10 minutes' deafening noise (me skidding about, sausages all over the floor, but the peas still in the pot) and concussions, three planes hopped down.

Grand sight—never thought I'd like to see it, but views change.

A plane off a nearby destroyer came back and did the victory roll and we all cheered.

We left the destroyer and parted from our new pals at sunset—landed on a bit of land in mid-ocean.

Won't say much about those three days there—hadn't had a wash since leaving billets in Greece, and the first thing we did was to dive into the sea complete in shirt and pants or nothing at all.

We were bedded down in a long tent in a new hospital.

Then we started work next day in earnest—loads of men needed attention. We were tearing round in circles.

J. and I spent seven hours in a theatre tent working flat out with shells bursting close by.

Soon after our arrival the rest of the girls arrived and, oh, that reunion! But there was more sadness for us in news imparted.

One morning, M. and I took a spell and stood by a road watching more batches of men march in. We looked for faces we knew and yelled for information.

Then of all that was marvellous—along straggles old E. and T.—heads shaven and looking even worse than I did.

They'd been walking six days, living in trees when not walking.

We have found other medics since, but not as many as we'd like. Most of them will turn up.

Continued on page 19

BLONDE
discovers amazing
SECRET



by
washing
her own
hair!

For some time her hair had been going dull and brownish. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. She was going "mousy." Then she started to wash her hair at home with Sta-Blond. And made this remarkable discovery... that only Sta-Blond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made especially for blondes.

You too can give back to your hair its lost golden beauty—can restore lost sparkle, charm and the attraction—and keep it in its regular use of Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always.

No dye or injurious chemicals in Sta-Blond. Its perfect Vita-Nourishin' acts and penetrates instantly.

NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR

STA-BLOND

THE BLONDES' OWN SHAMPOO

Germolene
SKIN OINTMENT

The World's
GREATEST HEALER



Germolene soothes at the first touch, commences almost instantly to grow new skin, unites the broken tissue, defeats the danger of infection! Its cooling touch on a sore inflamed spot is wonderful! It conquers the most obstinate of skin troubles, wipes away blemishes without a mark or scar remaining! If you suffer from any of the following troubles—

**ULCERS
SORES
PIMPLES
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
INSECT
BITES
IMPETIGO
RINGWORM
RASHES
SUNBURN
ABSCESSSES
BOILS
ITCH
WOUNDS
PILES
STRAINS
SCALDS
SCRATCHES
BURNS
BED SORES**

you should try Germolene instantly! Don't suffer a moment longer. Germolene is the World's Quickest Healer! It soothes at the first touch, stops smarting and itching at once! The most worrying open place heals, rapidly and cleanly.



Get **GERMOLENE TODAY**

From all Chemists and Stores. Prices: 1/3 & 2/3. Agents: H. F. FITCHER (Aus.) (Pty.) Ltd. (Ine. in Victoria).

350/354 William Street, Melbourne.

E.393-40

NEW... CANADIAN CREAM RUB

FOR
CHILDREN'S CHEST COLDS

Mothers... here's the new Canadian cream rub specially designed to break up congested croupy bronchial colds with its safe, positive three-way "thermal" action... Buckley's Wintrol RUB... now introduced by the makers of Buckley's Canadian Mixture.

NEW, 3-WAY "THERMAL" ACTION... Give your child swifter relief with this warm and glowing "thermal" cream rub. Rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Even the worst chest colds, congestion, sore throats yield like magic... often overnight! Ask your chemist or store.



Buckley's WINTROL RUB

Glaxo-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

A STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET . . . Continued from page 18

IN this place, tea and a wash were still scarce—in fact, we could call ourselves literally lousy. Lice there were as prevalent as insects here. We were itchy for days.

After much work and more excitement we embarked again on a little overcrowded tub. But we had many companions on the sea; such comforting ones.

On this boat we had water for a couple of days only, so tea again was nearly non-existent, and definitely we couldn't wash.

Slept in our clothes, even shoes, and about 15 of us occupied the saloon with many more men.

We all slept on the floor, and the stuffiness was dreadful.

All the men aboard and some of the girls needed attention—it wasn't a pleasant trip. At night the men sang, and they loved us to join in. The Kiwis rendered Maori songs, and our Aussies gave us their particular firm favorites.

We had a couple of trying periods—all too tired by this time, too dreadfully dirty to care what happened. Imagine me unwashed and not undressed for all that time. There was never a dirtier crowd of men and women as disembarked eventually at Alexandria.

The Red Cross there turned up trunks and served us large pannikins of tea on the wharf.

Then into buses and we all went to a hospital for lunch—fresh tomatoes, tinned pears, and more tea. After our long diet of bully and biscuits three times a day on that ship, our meal was gorgeous.

I might tell you that, except for exhaustion, pimples after the diet of bully and biscuits, and a spotty body due to being of the great unwashed, we've all come through well.

For myself, I feel different—we all must. Feel older, sadder and definitely wiser, and shall be ready for the next move in the game, whatever and whenever it is.

Lesson is—it's a war for the young only. Too rapid and strenuous for oldsters.

And the hardest thing, and most essential, is to be ready and willing to start all over again from bedrock and be damned to Jerry. He'll beat himself, we hope, in the end.

A saying in our unit before we left our spot in Greece was, "Well, we can beat Hitler, but still blast his guts." That was when we expected visitors any time to goose-step in.

I could tell you more about Jerry and his weird ways, but won't. We got it first hand.



DESTINED for battle stations, A.I.F. nurses paraded in camp prior to leaving Palestine for the front.

From Alexandria, a group of us left by train for Cairo, leaving the others and Matron in Alexandria.

Women ambulance drivers took us to another hospital some way out of the city—planted on the desert.

There we had a glorious mess. Beautiful meals and flowers every day. We lived in tin sheds and boiled, but we did have our first hot baths and beds there.

The first day we all slept after a bath. The next day we went into Cairo and three of us did a tour of the hotels.

An open-air picture show was on, and we saw "Babes in Arms" and "Colored Travelogue of Sydney."

Mother!! And Dad!! My eyes were just glued to the film to the disgust of the head-waiter, who thought I wasn't paying enough attention to his excellent choice in food and drink. To see Bondi again and to imagine just where home would be—Martin Place, the Bridge!!

Cor! blimey, as the lads say!! In a few months I've seen enough of the East and Europe—of course, the way we see it isn't quite the same as a pleasure trip.

In Cairo, Kiwis and Aussies stopped to chat, and we made many friends.

Two Kiwis in particular gave us a super time. We met them at a place called Jimmy's.

We started talking; this ended in a mad trip up the Nile in a boat with a gigantic mast and two Gippy sailormen.

We ate chicken sandwiches and had the maddest, gayest time. We needed gaiety badly. All did.

Well, we left Cairo and had the truly ghastly long train trip of heat, dust, and gabbling Gippies. Back to taws again—thought I'd seen the last of it last February.

But oh, we're different—we're a funny-looking, bedraggled crowd, and not ourselves yet. And, of course, we're a sad crowd, too. Although it's not getting us down.

We're here for a spell—recuperation (although we really don't need

it—want to be in the thick of things again badly) and re-equipping.

We'll be given stretchers, kitbags and valises, and our personal losses will be made up as far as possible.

But that doesn't really compensate one for the little possessions one grows to love—and we've all lost that sort of thing, too.

Our unit is a very favored one, and particularly after that show.

Good news is that we are to start again. We haven't any hospital equipment, but shall be getting it. And then off we go to work again, and the sooner the better.

Cuticura OINTMENT

for Baby's delicate skin



For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.

200A

PETER'S COLD WAS GONE ON THURSDAY

... So I Went to the Luncheon After All!



TUESDAY, I 'phoned Elsie. "Peter is home from school with a cold. You know how his colds hang on. I'll miss the club lunch on Thursday".



"LISTEN,"

said Elsie, who is a nurse. "You need to fight a cold in three places at once—in the nose, throat, and chest. Then it goes fast. How do you do it? Why, just get a jar of Vicks VapoRub. Rub it on his throat, chest, and back. Now, do try it!"



SO, AT BEDTIME, I gave Peter a rub with VapoRub. His breathing grew easier as he inhaled the vapours. His cough was relieved. And he said his chest felt warm and comfy.



HE SLEPT like a log, undisturbed all night. And VapoRub's vapour and poultice actions must have gone on working, for he woke next morning feeling wonderfully better!



ON THURSDAY, off he went to school: I was certainly thankful for VapoRub. It saved him days of misery, and days of school absence. And I got to that luncheon after all!

FITNESS
as usual

Be sure to take your Beecham's Pills and steer clear of sick headaches, liveriness, digestive upsets and that 'down in the dumps' feeling. Beecham's Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some today.

The Golden Rule of Health
-take
Beecham's Pills
"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

Colds Go Faster When You Fight Them in Nose, Throat, and Chest ALL at Once

Every cold puts nose, throat, and chest in danger—often all three are in trouble. So take no chances! Without any fussing, without any risk of stomach upset, you can bring help to nose, throat, and chest all at the same time—by simply rubbing on VapoRub.

1. MEDICATED VAPOURS, released by the body warmth, are breathed in straight

to the irritated membranes—which only vapours can reach direct. They soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, ease breathing.

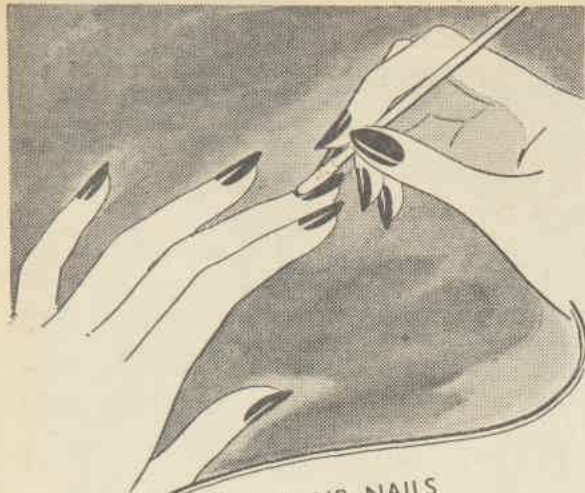
2. LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain. It is this double action that so quickly brings comfort and, working for hours, breaks up most colds overnight.

OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

STUFFY NOSE
SORE THROAT
TIGHT CHEST AND COUGH

You relieve ALL these miseries when you rub on

VICKS VAPORUB



TREAT YOUR NAILS TO BEAUTY

The Cutex manicure treatment will simplify your beauty rites. There are only three simple steps for the quick manicure.

1. Use Cutex Oily Polish Remover to remove your old polish.
2. With Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, gently shape the oval around the nail and remove dead cuticle. Rinse fingers in clear water and dry thoroughly.
3. Apply Cutex Salon Polish in your favourite shade. The newest are Hijinks and Gadabout. When dry, apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil, and massage fingertips.

Do this at least once every week.

THE PERFECT MANICURE **CUTEX**

When the G.P.O. Clock Chimes 11
Have . . .
"MORNING TEA
with
JACK DAVEY
His First Big Daytime Feature
11 a.m.
Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.
2GB

She Tops the
Laugh Parade
of the Year
**"MRS.
'OBBS"**
Her life is one of
ups and downs,
but her good
turns and her
heartly humour are
never failing.
Mon. to Thurs.,
7.30 p.m.
2GB

The Duchess Wore Black

Continued from page 8

"Of course they are popular. Of course they stay here, but they're never around," Mrs. Ambrose laughed.

"Frankly, Mrs. Ambrose," said the duchess, "my girls come from middle-class homes, some of them from our farms."

"I saw your castle," said Mrs. Ambrose.

"From the road," said the duchess. "It's not a castle—just a very old country house. Now it's a nursing home. The government has taken over. The place isn't mine really. I'm quite poor."

"But still a duchess. I must insist upon a girl with a background—a peer's daughter, perhaps."

The duchess stood up. "I have no girl to suit you, Mrs. Ambrose," she said. "I think you were mistaken in thinking you wanted one. Perhaps what you wanted was to establish an acquaintance with the Duchess of Harbeck and that, briefly, you have done. Now if you will excuse me, I have other appointments."

The duchess came out very quickly and got into the car.

"What's the matter?" he asked, for the duchess looked tired.

"People," she said dreamily. "That house. Set in a mould. No child could break it or stand it. She in there will get no child of mine. My next people are a professor and his wife." She gave him the address. "You're saving me cab fare," she said. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"You must have a settled income. Perhaps your wife would take one of my children."

"Perhaps she would," he said.

"Have you a wife?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"How should I know?"

"But you must know," insisted the duchess. "Anyone knows—about the most important thing."

"Is it?"

"What can be more so?"

"Your marriage to the duke was the most important thing to you?"

"Well—yes. You see, it was my job—my lifework until it was cut off short."

"I don't look at marriage as a job."

"How do you look at it?"

"I look at it as love. I wouldn't settle for anything less."

"Love!" said the duchess as if she had never heard of love.

"Just the American viewpoint," he said apologetically. "No question of money, or of titles, or of a lifework. Just one man demanding one woman and getting her—or not getting her. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very," said the duchess.

As they drove the duchess rustled through some papers in her bag.

"Nothing you have is typed," he said, apparently without having seen her papers. "You're not geared to your job. You must have system."

"But I have system," cried the duchess, and her voice shook.

"Kindly glance into my bag. Isn't it neat?"

He glanced into her bag. "Too neat," he said. "Lacking. Un-equipped. I see a compact, but I don't see a lipstick."

"I don't use color on my mouth," said the duchess coldly.

"You should," he said. "Your mouth—it doesn't particularly attract. A man doesn't look at it first."

"Please," said the duchess and she was trembling. "Let me off at the next crossing. I can manage from here quite well and I should like to walk a bit to—to breathe; you seem to get between me and my breathing, my thinking. There's an oppression. I must dislike you very much. So, after you have dropped me off at my next place, please drive along home."

"You said Three-twenty East."

"Yes," said the duchess, and she straightened her hat. "They have seven rooms, two baths. He earns about seven thousand a year. He lectures, too. From now, if you don't mind, don't say anything more. And good-bye."

The duchess glanced down at her wrist watch as she crossed the sidewalk. She didn't look back. The day had stretched. The children would be having their tea. Clarissa would be in charge to-day. Clarissa had been her head parlmaid at the castle. Now she was friend and comrade.

"Professor and Mrs. Burt," the duchess said to the elevator boy.

As the elevator stopped, a door opened and a man with greyish hair, with spectacles, with a round, rosy, smiling face, came forward to greet her.

"That elevator door is our signal," he said. "I'm James Burt and you are the Duchess of Harbeck. Come in, come in. Mary is waiting. You're to have tea."

"Tea," the duchess said thankfully. "Are you English?"

"Better than that," he said.

"We're Scotch."

Mary was a snug little woman with grey brushed-back short hair.

"Sit down in the white chair," she said. "We don't let everyone sit in our white chair. We don't get a duchess every day—and a tired one. No questions about our girl yet, James, until the duchess gets to her tea."

The duchess leaned back, closing her eyes. There was no talk at all until she had had her tea. "You're so discerning," she said to them lamely, for against their quiet certainty she felt inept. "You know so exactly what you want."

"A girl," said Mary. "Just any girl."

"But how old? Dark? Fair?"

"That doesn't matter. This is our great chance. We never had one of our own."

"I am going to give you Mildred," the duchess finally said. "Eight years old. Her eyes—really, all I can say of her is that she has been terribly frightened and is terribly brave."

When the duchess came out, refreshed, he was gone.

SHE finished her list for that day, taking several taxis to do it. She took a bus back to her hotel. The evening papers with her photographs had been sent up by the management. "Duchess Wears Black" . . . "The Beautiful Duchess of Harbeck."

Her telephone was ringing. Flowers were sent in by the management.

She was asked out by people she had never met—to cocktail, to dine, dance, sup. She declined, told the desk not to call her again, had a frugal little dinner served in her room. Brading did not call up. And she could not sleep.

The next day the duchess arranged for six children. On the evening of her second day the duchess called Clarissa in Montreal. It was colder, Clarissa reported. The

house couldn't be warmed. This was the great old stone house that had been loaned to them for the month.

"I have arranged for seven of our children. I have given up Mildred. All for duration, but increasingly I find I should like to keep together as many of our children as we can. What do you think, Clarissa?"

"I think you can't bear to give up even one child, my lady," said Clarissa. "Seven out leaves one hundred and eighteen. Three or four would do me. That's what I told Mr. Brading. A Mr. Brading has been here."

"When?"

"To-day."

He must have gone up by plane. "Why?" asked the duchess.

"He said he had met Your Grace in New York. He wanted to look over your organisation—he said your plant, but we have no plants here. He saw everything."

"Clarissa! Not the ice-box!"

"It was clean," said the duchess.

"But so small—inadequate; the bottles of milk on the pantry window sill are pitiful."

He remarked on them," said Clarissa. "He said he wanted measurements for the coats—how many of which sizes. He said you hadn't given him directions as to color. He said if you were in his office, Your Grace, he'd fire you. He said you were not organised."

The duchess listening face looked calm, looked every inch a duchess' face, but her dark hair floated loose like any girl's, and her bare heels were young and rosy. "Clarissa, Mr. Brading knew well where I should be stopping in New York. Why didn't he call me at my hotel for the measurements and the colors?"

"He didn't say, ma'am," said Clarissa.

In the first mail the next morning the duchess received a proposal of marriage from Brading. On his office stationery. It began:

"I don't know how to begin with a duchess, so I won't begin. I am asking you to marry me. I am thirty-seven years old, in good health, of good repute; I belong to three of the best clubs. I am a Presbyterian when I need a church, and, having met you, I think I need one."

"As a business proposition I am asking you to marry me. This would operate well in both ways. If you marry me your children can be kept together for duration or for as long as you like."

Please turn to page 21

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

TOOK 10 MEN TO CARRY THIS CHEESE!

In the sixteenth century, English farmers put their cows' milk together and made one big cheese for market. Often it took as many as ten men to carry this cheese.

TEETH LIVE ON CALCIUM!

PLAIN MILK THANKS!

Your teeth need calcium every day. If you don't eat enough calcium, your bones deteriorate and your teeth decay.

IT TAKES 4 PINTS OF MY CREAMY MILK TO MAKE ONE 8 OZ. PACKET OF KRAFT CHEDDAR WHICH IS FULL OF CALCIUM!

CHEESE RICHEST FOOD IN CALCIUM

It is a recognized fact that cheese is the richest of all food sources in calcium.

KRAFT CHEDDAR—STAYS FRESH!

Kraft Cheddar has been specially made to stay fresh to the last slice. Pastured, full, wrapped. Kraft Cheddar stays delicious under the most severe climate conditions. Ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and serve this delicious cheese regularly.



New ODO·RO·DO CREAM

SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION



Non-greasy — Stainless
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
Quick! No waiting for it to dry

Use before or after shaving,
as you prefer.
1/1 and 2/1

Avoid Embarrassment of FALSE TEETH

Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Any chemist has FASTEETH. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

The Duchess Wore Black

Continued from page 20

"I HAVE a place in Ohio—three cottages on the lake; the cottages have central heating, are large enough to accommodate all your children, are near to good public schools, there is a bathing beach, there are two tennis courts, croquet, clock golf, and archery. I bought it for a song.

"As a boy I used to deliver vegetables there from our farm. A rich family owned the place then, using it for house parties in the summer. Sometimes they'd have as many as forty guests over the week-end—mostly young people. Picnic suppers on the beach, stinging. I used to go back there nights and lie in the woods and listen.

"The cottages have wood-burning fireplaces, electric lights and extra large electric refrigerators. There your children would be safe.

"You will notice that I am not saying anything about love. I am falling in with your idea of marriage as a job, a career. That's the kind of marriage, if you consent, that ours would be. I promise you this and my word is as good as my bond. On my side I get a duchess for a wife, which is a step up in the world for any country boy who used to flatten his nose against the fence of society.

"If you decline, please call my secretary and say, 'This is the Duchess of Harbeck. The word is 'No.' If you accept, please call my secretary and say, 'This is the Duchess of Harbeck. The word is 'Yes.' I should like, if possible, an immediate decision.

"Sincerely yours,
"B. I. M. BRADING."

The duchess sat with the letter in her hand and at first she had no impression of herself in relation to it. She felt blurred by it, but she could see Brading's face clearly for the first time since he had left her.

The telephone rang.
"We are sorry to disturb Your Grace," said the operator, "but Mr. Brading's office is calling. They say it is imperative."

"Put them on," said the duchess. At first it was a secretary, then Brading. "Did you get my letter?" "Yes," said the duchess.

"Well?"
"Well—" said the duchess. "Does that mean you're going to?"

"I haven't decided," said the duchess.

"So there's a chance. I've got to know now."

"Now is too quick."

"Take it or leave it," he said.

"What would you get out of it?"

"A duchess."

"I shouldn't be a duchess if I married you."

"A former duchess. That's enough."

"You must be an utter snob," she said.

"Yes. I must be. Will you marry me?"

"Myself, I'd get a great deal out of it," balanced the duchess. "I'd get the children. I shouldn't need to give any more of them away."

"No. Will you marry me?"

"Yes—perhaps—I think so."

"When?"

"Any time . . . How many rooms in these cottages of yours?"

"How should I know?"

"How many baths? Or are they showers?"

"Anything can be built—everything. I'll call for you at three; be ready to go anywhere." He hung up.

"Animal Antics"



"We demand the deportation of all Angoras, Persians, and other long-haired foreigners!"

The duchess lay back and hid her face. After a while she dressed, rode down in the elevator to the beauty shop, bought herself a lipstick and rode up again.

At three o'clock the desk said Mr. Brading was calling. The duchess went down at once, wearing black.

"But there's a difference," he said when he met her. "Lipstick."

"I felt a bit down," acknowledged the duchess. "I rather dreaded." She stood, not looking at him. "Shall we be getting along?" she said.

"Plenty of time," he said. "We're buying you a ring."

"I was rather afraid," said the duchess flatly, "that we might be going somewhere to be married."

He laughed. "To-day? We have speed here, but not that much. What's your hurry?"

"When I have a difficult thing to do I like to get it over."

"Hold up your mouth. I just want to look at it—nothing else. Don't hide it."

"I'm not—I haven't—" The duchess held up her mouth. She closed her eyes.

"Don't close your eyes. M'm-m. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not. I hardly know you. I'm frozen."

"In business you don't have to know people. This is business. I like your mouth to-day, I always have. Now we'll buy you a ring."

"I have rings," said the duchess. "Mine," he said. He put her into a taxi, had her driven to a jeweller's, bought her a superb emerald ring, made her wear it. He took her to tea. They talked of cottages, of coats. There was music. People passed by to look at the duchess.

He said: "I have reservations for to-night. It's a slow train. The advantage of slow trains is that they stop at small places."

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing. We are going out to look at the cottages."

"To Ohio? Now? Overnight?"

Why didn't you tell me?"

"A nightgown. Slippers. A bathrobe. A toothbrush. And a warm coat. I had my secretary buy everything you'll need and check it at the station."

"But really," said the duchess, and it was plain that she was disturbed by this more than by anything. "I should have preferred my own things. Why didn't you tell me when you called up?"

"I thought of it later. I didn't like to bother you again. When I do things I do them my way."

"So I see," said the duchess.

"You may like the things," he said. "She has good taste."

"She may have done this for you before."

"As a matter of fact, she hasn't. She's married," he added.

There was a cloud over them in the taxi. At the station the duchess stood back. "Drawing-room A for you," he said. "Everything A for you. Class for the duchess."

"Being a duchess," she said, "is not class. That's in yourself."

"Sometimes I'd rather you weren't a duchess," he said. "Barriers," he said.

"Lately many have been going down."

"Plenty left. Do you like me at all?"

"I don't quite know."

"When you know," he said, "I'll be interested to hear."

The bag was a good English bag. Alone in her drawing-room, the duchess looked over her things. There were two nightgowns. One was corn-colored, sheer, simple and hand-made. Very nice. The other was cream. The slippers were warm, of quilted satin, but in color too bright, a cherry color, and the duchess moved them away. The padded-silk bathrobe was cherry-colored also.

There was also a box, and the duchess opened it. In it was a fur coat made of superb blue fox. The duchess sat down to look at it. One hundred and twenty-five warm coats. One hundred and twenty-six.

When he knocked on her door and she opened it they both spoke at once. Then they stopped. "The coat is really too much," said the duchess. "This can't go on. I don't want things from you for myself."

"I want them for my wife," he said. "I've waited. It's taken me nineteen years of work to have you open this door to me in this corridor."

Your dinner is ordered and will be sent in to you. You're tired. We get there in the morning about eight—a slow train. If you wake up in the night I'll be thinking of you."

"Nonsense. You'll be asleep."

"Anyway," he said.

Please turn to page 22

How to escape

'flu'

1 Avoid as far as possible all places where 'flu germs are likely to be; crowded cars; public meeting places; warm, stuffy rooms.

2 Be careful of close contact with others; beware of all coughers and sneezers; breathe through the nose; avoid draughts and chills.

3 Get lots of rest. Eat plenty of oranges. Keep the bowels open.

4 Avoid catching colds. Any cold may be the forerunner of 'flu. At the first sign of a cold, take genuine quick-acting Bayer's Aspirin and you can ward it off. If you develop a sore throat, gargle with Bayer's Aspirin dissolved in water. This will relieve soreness and rawness.

5 If you have any reason to suspect even a touch of 'flu, call your doctor.

Bayer's—the genuine Aspirin Tablets . . . quicker, surer, safer . . . have been made in Australia for 20 years. When you buy Bayer's, you are sure you buy the best.

* A prominent Doctor's prescription

Tin of 12, 9d.; Bottle of 24, 1/3; Bottle of 100, 4/6.

2159A

YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognize backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys. Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

War-Time Duties Won't MAKE YOUR FEET ACHE

If You Use

Zam-Buk

THESE are strenuous times for the feet. Thousands of men and women are on their feet for longer hours than ever before. But your feet won't ache or let you down if you make a habit of treating them with Zam-Buk Ointment.

Soothing and Healing.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin.

Thus Zam-Buk causes aching, soreness, and swelling to vanish like magic, it heals blisters and chafing and brings corns out, root and all. (Before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water, if at all possible.)

1/7 or 3/8 a box.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



Navy, Army or Air Force. Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.

MAKE YOUR MONEY
FIGHT!
BUY
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES



Keep
alert all
day long
with healthful delicious
Wrigley's Chewing Gum

When your work is tiresome, it is time to chew delicious WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It refreshes you, helps you to concentrate and soothes frayed nerves. WRIGLEY'S also gives your gums and teeth the exercise they lack because of modern, soft foods. Chew healthful WRIGLEY'S regularly after every meal. Notice how your facial muscles become strengthened, and your face and chin tend to retain

their natural contour. Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different).

Never be without a supply of WRIGLEY'S in the house. Keep an extra supply for the children. They love it. Buy some to-day. Every package of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM is as big in benefits as it is small in cost. Take your change in Wrigley's.

Three Delicious Flavours for
Your Choice. An Australian
Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU21

WRIGLEY'S

YOUTHFULNESS REGAINED

Do you feel you are growing old before your time? The symptoms are mental and physical fatigue, lack of "pep," an inclination to "let things slide." Then take WINCARNIS, the quick action tonic. Blended of choice wines containing nourishing extracts and essential vitamins, WINCARNIS benefits the brain, heart and nerves from the very first glass. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its restorative qualities. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day from your chemist and start regaining your youthful vitality.

SHE couldn't sleep. She was restless, keyed up, hot, cold, thirsty, lonely, far from home. Up to now, even in her difficulties with the duke, she had had background and tradition to lean against. Even in bringing the children across there had been routine and foothold. Now she was swinging through space, suspended, adrift, caught up, pushed along and compelled by the force of this man and a will stronger, more flexible than her own.

In the morning it was raining: "Put on your fur coat," he told her through the door. When she came out she had the coat over her arm.

"All women are unreasonable about coats," he said, taking the coat. "They wear them when it's hot and they don't wear them when it's cold." Then he put the duchess—the fair and shivering, coldly re-

calcitrant, rather smug, opinionated, managing Duchess of Harbeck—into her fur coat. "Now we will eat," he told her. At the hotel when she couldn't eat he said, "O.K. Drink your coffee."

He took a room and bath for her at the hotel and had her bag sent up. He hired a car. Then she rode beside him in the car to the lake. Together they went over the cottages—which, with the grounds, the beach, the lake, were incredible to her.

She couldn't speak. Finally she said, "I have never seen anywhere such superb heating equipment or such fine large ice-boxes."

"Mrs. Hanson will be here at eleven," he said. "She's the wife of my farmer. Through her hire your help. I've telephoned Cleveland and a man will be down this morn-

The Duchess Wore Black

Continued from page 21

ing for your orders. Redecorate. Buy. Build. Anything you want. How long will you need before the kids get here?" he asked. And he held out his hand to her.

"About a week." She looked down at his hand. "What's this?"

"This is good-bye," he said. "Aren't you going to shake hands with me?"

The duchess shook hands, her hand lost in his, warm in his, but only for a moment. He brought out a bankbook and a leather folder with money. He held these out to her.

"Until we are married," she said, and she felt that she was stumbling, trembling. "I can't accept money."

"Nonsense," he said and he laid them on the step. "Money is the

foundation of a deal like ours. Without money I shouldn't have dared."

He turned away, went down the step. "I'll send the car back," he said. Then he was gone. He hadn't told her where he was going, when he was coming back or how to reach him, so he did not want her to try.

Alone she went over the cottages again, in detail, doggedly making her lists. Mrs. Hanson arrived. Telephones were installed, cleaning up began. The cottages were furnished in excellent taste. The duchess decided on flowered chintzes for the children, on burgundy and white for herself. Through the week she worked beside her maids.

Frequently Mrs. Hanson talked about Brading, for Brading was Mrs. Hanson's topic; Bim Brading, Boy and Man. And nothing was too good for him, nothing and nobody. Bim had good stock behind him. His forefathers had cut down forests here. Bim was a worker. All his people were. Bim hadn't ever gone to college. From the country he had gone straight to New York. Walked in off the sidewalk and hired himself to a woolen firm. Might as well have been glassware, for all Bim knew about woollens then. But nobody in the world, Mrs. Hanson said, knew as much about woollens as Bim did now.

Plenty of girls had been after Bim—summer girls, city girls—but he didn't care a hoot for society. He had friends in it, but Bim had friends everywhere.

"Bim can pitch hay with any man. He likes to play ball with our kids. Bim likes kids."

"Does he, indeed?" said the duchess.

On the sixth night she called Clarissa but she couldn't get through. White lights, Brading's face came before her closed eyes. The duchess had wired Clarissa but she had had no reply. The cottages were ready. The next morning the duchess was leaving for Montreal.

How to get the children here she did not yet know, but somehow she would get them here. Probably Brading did not want to marry her. Six days and no word from him.

She woke early after a restless night. The duchess was cold all the time now, a cold that seemed to spread over her from her heart. Then she heard a car—not Mrs. Hanson's car; too early for Mrs. Hanson. The duchess came up out of her bed with a bound, was at her window looking down, shivering in her delicate nightgown. On the circle of the drive a car was drawn up and in the car was Brading.

For an instant the duchess held on to her chintz curtain for support, because something inward and queer was happening to her, something devastating. From being so icy, at the sight of Brading, all her being seemed to be breaking up. The duchess' heart, usually so regular, throbbed and pounded. Tears came into her eyes. Her hands were warm.

Catching up her bathrobe, wrapping herself in it, the duchess ran. Through the hall, down the stairs and out came the barefooted duchess. Then she was in the car beside him, right against him, with tears on her face and her mouth held up. So Brading kissed the duchess, inevitably and completely, and there it was.

"Way back there," he said after a while.

"Before," said the duchess, and she smoothed down his hair, with the back of her hand she rubbed the tired lines across his forehead.

"They'll be coming," he said. "We can't sit here." So he got out of the car, he lifted the duchess out, stood her up in the driveway like a doll, made her lean back against him. With one hand stretched behind her the duchess pulled down his coat.

"They're coming," he said, but the duchess didn't listen, for she was obsessed by Brading. "Look!" he said, and he shook her.

A large bus was turning in through the gate, and behind the bus was another bus, and behind the other bus was a third bus. And crowding the windows of the first bus and the second and the third were children's faces. The duchess heard children's voices—young voices, happy voices. And there was Clarissa stepping down first of all, with the bus driver to help her. And the duchess trembled.

"The children," said the duchess. "Mine," said the duchess. Then she went more deeply into it. "Ours," said the duchess.

(Copyright)

FROM A WOMAN IN BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND
TO A RELATIVE IN AUSTRALIA

*'Oh Auntie
how proud
be I am to
be British!'*

“

... I wish you could see how calm and steady the whole nation is. Men and women at their posts, ready for anything that may come, and if invasion does come (which in our hearts we long for), we shall fight and fight until every rat of a Nazi is pushed into the sea. But I doubt if any invading enemy will ever live to soil our shores with his dirty feet. We are ready, every man and woman, always on the alert, hoping that they will come.”

If courage and grit were planes and tanks—Germany would have been defeated long ago. But this war has shown that resolution and bravery are not enough. Before we can hope to win, we must fill the air with planes, the sea with ships, and the land with tanks and guns. We must come to the aid of bombed, embattled Britain with munitions as well as men. We must work as well as fight. By working now, producing the munitions of war, we are not only aiding Britain, we are keeping aggression from Australia's shores. This is a battle in which every man and woman in Australia has a part, in which you have a part. Are you convinced that you are playing your part to the limit of your abilities?

ALL IN! Australians!
—be proud you're British too

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION

The Movie World

June 21, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

Pygmalion's star

WENDY HILLER

returns as

Major Barbara

AFTER two years' absence from the screen, English Wendy Hiller, star of "Pygmalion," returns in her second big Gabriel Pascal-Bernard Shaw film, "Major Barbara."

Following her sensational success in "Pygmalion," Wendy was inundated with tempting offers from both American and English studios. Instead, she signed a personal contract with Gabriel Pascal, and promised to star in "Major Barbara."

This brilliant young actress is completely untouched by her screen success. She could write her own ticket to Hollywood, but Wendy is one star who has managed to keep not only her head, but her integrity.

Although the producer is now in America to film Shaw plays, it is not very likely that Wendy will leave England while her husband, Robert Gow, is still there serving in the army.

Most important event in the career of this charming actress was not the success of "Pygmalion" or her recently achieved hit in "Major Barbara," but the birth of her baby daughter Ann, now nearly two years old, whom Wendy wants to keep as far away from the limelight as possible.

Because of war conditions, the youngster has been sent to the comparative safety of her grandparents' home in Manchester.

No star knows more clearly what it means to work and live under conditions of war than does Wendy Hiller. Apart from the separation from her husband and baby, Wendy endured during the making of "Major Barbara" the agonising suspense of waiting for word from her three brothers who were at Dunkirk. They have all returned and are still on active service along with her husband.

Wendy herself has done much valuable work at A.R.P. posts, and with other members of the cast of "Major Barbara" worked ceaselessly making knitted goods and sleeping-bags.

She has now joined her parents and baby in Manchester and will return to London only when she is ready to commence another film or play.

● These exclusive pictures are the first to be released of Wendy Hiller as she appears in the Gabriel Pascal British film of Shaw's play, "Major Barbara." Wendy's Major Barbara is said to top her Eliza.

Wendy rejects glamor

Twenty-eight-year-old, Manchester-born Wendy Hiller is a contradiction of all the time-worn formulae for movie stardom.

In spite of opposition she steadfastly refuses to be "glamorised" by the make-up expert, although she knows that he could transform her into either a dew-eyed beauty or a poised sophisticate. She prefers to remain herself—although by no stretch of imagination could she be described as "beautiful."

Taller than most screen actresses, Wendy looks a typical fresh-faced, sturdy English country girl. Her fair hair photographs "mousy," her nose is definitely snub, and she has absolutely no clothes sense. Her charm lies in her lively, intelligent grey eyes, her honest, forthright manner, and her beautiful deep English voice.

● She doesn't look much like a film star, does she? Charming, unaffected Wendy Hiller is co-starred with Rex Harrison in "Major Barbara." He plays the role of Adolphus Cusins.



MODEL C545E, 6 Valve, 7 Wave-Band Table Model with Band-Spread All-Wave Tuning gives a performance truly remarkable.



Hotpoint

BAND-MASTER

GIVES YOU WORLD BROADCASTS
HITHERTO BEYOND THE SCOPE OF
HOME RADIO WITH...

Band-spread all-wave TUNING

Now, all the stations of the world are yours! Untrammelled by overcrowding and overlapping—they respond to the most revolutionary tuning circuits ever devised—Band-spreading does it! It spaces out ALL-World stations like local transmissions. For COMPLETE ALL-WAVE COVERAGE seven bands accommodate all present stations local and overseas with extra room for future expansion. Ordinary Dual-Wave receivers cover only part of world broadcast channels. All-Wave tuning gives you London, Berlin, New York, Paris, together with new stations and commercial transmissions hitherto beyond the scope of ordinary dual-wave receivers. You get a galaxy of news, scintillating musical programmes from all quarters of the world with a new glorious tone quality almost unbelievable in short-wave listening.

Your Local Hotpoint Radio Dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration for you, of any of the 1941 Bandmaster Radios.

Illustrated at right: Model B.26SE a fine example of a beautiful Hotpoint cabinet — (6 valves — 7 wave-bands) —

HINTS BOOK FREE!

★ This attractive sixteen-page booklet is invaluable to every housewife. It contains useful hints on Cooking, Cleaning, Laundering, Lighting and general electrical and practical household hints, also a special two-page guide for removing stains. Mail the coupon to the nearest A.G.E. Office. Readers in West Australia mail to Atkins (W.A.) Ltd., 894 Hay Street, Perth. (NOTE: 1d. postage only is required to mail coupon, provided envelope is left unsealed.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

RD. 97A 21.8-41



AUSTRALIAN
GENERAL ELECTRIC

PROPRIETARY LIMITED

SYDNEY: 93-95 Clarence St. NEWCASTLE: 9-11 Darby St. LISMORE: Masda House, Keen St. MELBOURNE: 555 Bourke St. BRISBANE: 32 Adelaide St.
ROCKHAMPTON: 57 William St. TOWNSVILLE: Flinders St. East. ADELAIDE: Hotpoint House, Pirie St. HOBART: T. & G. Building, Collins St.
LAUNCESTON: 15 The Quadrant. AGENT in W.A.: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd., 894 Hay St., PERTH.

Layettes preferred to mink...

YOUNG STARS ARE
NOW FORSAKING THE
GAY PARTY LIFE IN
FAVOR OF FAMILIES

By CHRISTINE WEBB,
in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is usually regarded as the Mecca of glamor and film stars as a brilliant set who fritter away their spare time buying fabulous clothes and attending lavish parties.

Yet to-day's married glamor girls of the film colony shop for layettes rather than mink, and forsake the scintillating night-life to stay home and look after the baby.

At all the knitting bees and sewing circles organised for British war relief you'll hear one main topic of conversation: what's the latest in baby wear, and when baby might be expected to cut his first tooth.

In fact, at no other time in the history of Hollywood have there been quite so many babes in arms or so many doting young parents.



IN the past film stars have made a habit of adopting offspring. These days even the very youngest matrons are establishing their own families—and carrying on with their film jobs as well.

One of the proudest of the young mothers is twenty-one-year-old Anne Shirley, who married actor John Payne two years ago. This young couple don't go out nights now—they spend all their spare time with their adorable six-months-old daughter, Julie Ann.

Blonde, 26-year-old Jane Wyman and actor husband Ronald Reagan are like a couple of kids with their first, Maureen Elizabeth.

But even with Maureen to look after, this energetic young actress still finds time to be one of the most successful hostesses in Hollywood. She plays an expert game of golf, tennis, and badminton, and goes sailing with her husband. And she's making new screen plans.

Singer Shirley Ross is another fond and very new parent. Shirley's the wife of actor's agent Ken Dolan, and their sturdy three-months-old boy is named Kenneth.

Shirley's latest film, made before Kenneth was born, is "Kisses For Breakfast," and she's just signed a new contract with Warners.



ANOTHER star who believes that one can be a successful mother and a successful actress is Margaret Sullivan, who married her agent, Leland Hayward. Margaret keeps on having babies and also goes on making bigger and brighter screen triumphs.

She has two tiny daughters, Brooke and Bridget, and a new baby son called William Leland.

But some of the young actresses now proudly showing off their first-born have retired from the screen.

When Andrea Leeds married Bob Howard, scion of wealthy automobile manufacturing family, she stated that despite the fact that her husband had no objection to her remaining in pictures she would probably forsake her career in favor of domestic life. The recent arrival of a baby daughter marked Andrea's permanent farewell to the film world.

Another promising starlet who finds that being a Mrs. is more important than movies is Judith Barrett, who wed wealthy sportsman Lin Howard eighteen months ago and is now knitting woolies for her six-months-old baby daughter.

It's a girl, too, for young Mrs. Dick Baldwin, better known to the fans as Cecilia Parker, who used to be



● One of the rare occasions when baby Maureen Elizabeth is left at home, Ronald Reagan accompanies his wife, Jane Wyman, to a formal Hollywood function.

Andy's sister in the MGM Hardy films. Cecilia has retired from the screen and is devoting all her time to baby Cecilia Ann.

Actors are doting fathers.

Patric Knowles, who is now Sergeant-Pilot Knowles of the Royal Canadian Air Force, flew into Hollywood the other day on four weeks' leave. Pat came mainly to see his wife and baby son, but he will try to sandwich in a screen role before his four weeks are up.

Character actor Lloyd Nolan is dandling his first-born on his knee. Pride and joy are reflected on the honest, likeable countenance of Noah Beery, jun., who married Buck Jones' daughter, Maxine, last year, and is the father of a bouncing three-months-old baby boy.

According to reports he does not resemble great-uncle Wallace Beery.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS GO NATIVE

By ORRY KELLY, Hollywood Stylist

☐ You don't have to go to Hawaii to appreciate the glamor of the new South Sea togs that are the current craze amongst Hollywood lovelies.

☐ At a recent Hollywood party Barbara Stanwyck topped a slender pleated skirt in black crepe with a dramatic sarong-draped tunic. At the same party Joan Bennett also "went native" and wore a lot of white suede camellias with her classically simple gown of black velvet.

☐ Tabi socks, worn by bathers on the beach at Waikiki, are on the scene for sports wear. These slip over the feet like mittens with the big toe separated. The young starlets are getting them in vivid shades to match up with their slacksuits.

☐ Even the film sophisticates have fallen for this Hawaiian lore, and Hedy Lamarr is introducing an "islandish" touch into her sports wardrobe. She has bought up yards and yards of white silk, and is having it hand-painted with tropical fish and native birds in deeply brilliant native shades.

☐ The younger set find in the South Sea craze a reason for wearing an armful of gaudy bracelets. Bonita Granville decorates one arm with ten silver and turquoise bracelets to contrast with a simple shirtmaker in "winter white" serge.

☐ Rita Hayworth adopts the lei motif for daytime, and enhances a tailored navy wool frock with a red suede bag and suede lei of vivid red poppies.



1 **HAPPY-GO-LUCKY** reporter Roger (Cary Grant) falls in love at first sight with Julie (Irene Dunne), whom he meets in music store where she works.



2 **IN SPITE** of warning from Roger's pal, linotype operator Applejack, (Buchanan), who thinks Roger unstable, she marries him.

"Penny Serenade" teams Irene and Cary again



4 **ALTHOUGH JULIE** secretly pays his bills, Roger throws up his job for a whim and whirls her back to America, where tragedy follows for both in the loss of their baby.



3 **JOINING** her husband in Tokio where he has been transferred, Julie is distressed to find him very seriously in debt.



5 **AT THE SUGGESTION** of kind-hearted Applejack, who has joined Roger on a country newspaper, the pair adopt a baby.



6 **BUT A YEAR** later the couple are saved from losing custody of the child only by Roger's impassioned plea to authorities.

TO CHARM AND CHERISH YOU

KAYSER
"Wormees" REG.

A glamour girl doesn't shiver... nor trail a cloud of coats and cardigans! No, she steps out blithely... slim as a sylph, cosy as a kitten... in her delectable Kayser Wormees. For good looks and good health... guard your slender charm with Kayser Wormees.

150-160. Wool-and-Silk Vest and Knickers... Wool lace edging... strategic ribbed bands for firm fit. Both 4/11
Other Vests and Knickers from 2/11

Definitely
I'M A
ONE BRAND
WOMAN NOW

K-Shrunk
THE MODERN MIRACLE

Look for the Kayser "K-Shrunk" label when you buy winter woolies. "K-Shrunk" garments refuse to shrink—they'll keep their shape and soft texture to the last wear—WASH THEM HOW YOU PLEASE.



7 **THE UNCERTAINTY** of life with her reckless husband forces Julie to the point of deciding to leave him for ever.

THEIR FADS AND PHOBIAS

Town to some remarkable fads and phobias.

There is no getting Hedy Lamarr out of bed on Friday the 13th, no matter what the occasion. They had to change the shooting schedule of "Come Live With Me" because of her fear of dire happenings.

Jeanette MacDonald won't start a new picture unless she can wear something blue in her first scene. Joan Crawford won't start hers unless she is wearing new shoes.

Brian Donlevy, the "toughie" of many a film, has worn something of Clark Gable's in every one of his films. In "Barbary Coast," in which

Brian made his first hit, he was accidentally given one of the shirts Clark wore in "Call of the Wild," and this started him off on his belief that good luck lay in his wearing Gable's things.

Jimmy Stewart treasures a broken-down pair of shoes which he has worn in at least one scene for each of his last 25 pictures. Norma Shearer uses the same make-up table she started with.

Lana Turner always has red roses in her dressing-room. Ann Rutherford wears one piece of jewellery.

Prize jinx-breaker of all is probably Rosalind Russell, usually the epitome of smartness—except on the first week of any new picture. Then she goes about swathed in an ancient and battered dressing-gown which she wore in her early theatrical days.

THE popular comedy team of "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, turn to domestic drama in Columbia's "Penny Serenade."

Story concerns a country newspaper publisher, his wife, and their adopted child.

Cary has just signed a new contract with Columbia, and will make next "Royal Mail," a story of early postal service in England, and "There They Go Again," in which he will be reunited with Rosalind Russell, who appeared with him in "His Girl Friday."

Lovely Lashes... Perfect Eyebrows...

Grow Lashes & Brows in 30 days

In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED By Thousands

No matter how scant your eyelashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme, Dept. L, Box 22381, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme
EYELASH GROWER

Permanent HAIR REMOVER

Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., positively REMOVED, and the ADULTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed! If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme, Box 22381, G.P.O., Sydney.



CHARMING home study of comedian Andy Devine and his son, Tad.

★★ DOWN ARGENTINE WAY

Betty Grable, Don Ameche. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

SOUTH AMERICAN songs and dances, including a rumba by blonde Betty Grable, novelty numbers by the sensational Carmen Miranda, are highlights of this lavish technicolor musical.

In addition, you have Don Ameche and Grable singing both duet and solo, acrobatic dancing by the Nicholas brothers.

The hero is Don Ameche, whose father, a member of the Argentine's landed aristocracy, breeds thoroughbreds. The heroine is Betty Grable, New York heiress. Their love affair begins in New York, continues in the south when Betty follows Don home.

It is a showcase for South American talent, but seldom has a film presented such a variety of first-class performers. "Down Argentine Way" should appeal to all lovers of modern rhythm—and the colorful backgrounds should please.—Regent; showing.

★★ FLIGHT COMMAND

Robert Taylor, Ruth Hussey. (MGM.)

MADE with the co-operation of the American Navy, "Flight Command" gives you an adventure drama centred on a daredevil squadron of the U.S. Fleet Air Arm.

Robert Taylor plays an enthusias-

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

tic, newly-graduated air cadet who joins this squadron. His commander is Walter Pidgeon, married to Ruth Hussey. When Ruth's brother, a member of the squadron, is killed, Taylor, a platoon leader, attempts to comfort her, and is ostracised by his fellow-pilots.

Film gives a detailed account of the training a naval squadron is put through.

This film is in line with American air-mindedness to-day. It will please Taylor's fans who have been wanting to see the star in a virile action role, and it gives Ruth Hussey her best opportunity to busy.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell. (United Artists.)

LOVERS of red-blooded sea stories should enjoy this unusual film which was directed by John Ford.

Its story, based on three Eugene O'Neill plays, is mainly concerned with the thoughts and ambitions of six of the seamen aboard a British freighter on its long voyage home.

The oddly assorted crew includes: Thomas Mitchell, the bluff quick-witted Irishman, leader of the men; John Wayne, the earnest young Swede who wants to settle down and buy a farm; Ward Bond, the fight-

ing American sailor; Barry Fitzgerald, the Cockney messroom steward; John Qualen, the sentimental, timid Norwegian.

Entertainment depends on the sea backgrounds and the characterisations. The actors were carefully chosen to fit their roles. Its sombre drama is lightened only occasionally with comedy.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★★ THE NAVY STEPS OUT

Lucille Ball, George Murphy. (RKO.)

COMEDIAN Harold Lloyd produced this farce. Like his own comedies, it stresses action rather than dialogue, and has liberal dashes of good old-fashioned slapstick.

The story centres on Edmund O'Brien, as a shy, self-conscious young shipping magnate, Lucille Ball, as his secretary, and George Murphy, as Lucille's irrepressible sailor sweetheart.

A highlight of the film is a body-stretching act by Doodles Weaver, which results in a free-for-all fight.

Murphy again gets a chance to display his comic talents as the breezy, rowdy sailor. Supporting cast includes Lloyd Corrigan as Murphy's sea-going pal and Franklin Pangborn as the pet-shop owner.—Plaza; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 10th week.

★★ Sailors Three, Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert in light-hearted English farce.—Lyceum; 5th week.

★★ Road to Zanzibar, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in joyous comedy.—Prince Edward; 4th week.

★★ Back Street, Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer in exquisitely-acted romantic tragedy.—State; 2nd week.

★★ Old Bill and Son, Morland Graham, John Mills in British-made wartime farce.—Embassy; 2nd week.

★ Footsteps in the Dark, Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall in entertaining comedy-drama.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★ Public Debutante No. 1, Brenda Joyce, George Murphy in synthetic romantic comedy.—Century; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood.

THE elopement of nineteen-year-old Fox actress Gene Tierney with Hollywood dress-designer Count Cassini came as a real surprise to Hollywood. They were married at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Few people suspected even a romance. Until a few weeks ago it was thought that Gene would marry actor Bob Sterling, who was her constant escort.

Gene's parents, the Howard S. Tierneys, well known in Connecticut society, are seeking to have the marriage annulled.

Her mother has not spoken to her since the marriage.

Lately the young actress has been having serious eye trouble, which

caused the postponement of her picture, "Belle Starr," at a cost to the studio of more than \$10,000.

TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD film star Wayne Morris has joined the American naval air arm. Recently divorced from the heiress "Bubbles" Schinas, Wayne is expected shortly to marry movie actress Patricia Stewart.

COMEDIAN Bob Hope took a party of British children for a trip to the desert resort of Palm Springs. Helping him give the children a good time were Irene Rich, Jerry Colonna, and Jackie Cooper.

It was Irene's idea to present each child with a real cowboy outfit, while the others helped stage a wild west show complete with roping contest and a ride for all in an old stagecoach.

NOBODY wants to play a Nazi. In "Sergeant York," actors who play German soldiers get more pay than the extras who play American soldiers.

JEAN GABIN, the French star, is working at 20th Century-Fox. His picture is "Moon Tide," and Linda Darnell will be his first American leading lady. Jean is often referred to as "The French Spencer Tracy," but says he does not mind in the least, as in France Tracy is known as "The American Jean Gabin."

JIMMY STEWART, in the army now, spends most of his spare time phoning his friends in Hollywood.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has two of the most sought-after leading men to act with in "Skyhawk." Dark Ray Milland plays her husband, while blond Brian Aherne has the role of the playboy in love with Claudette. Walter Abel, who scored with Ray and Claudette in "Arise, My Love," is also in the cast. Yet another noteworthy addition is Mona Barrie, the Australian actress.

LUCILLE BALL and the groom, Desi Arnaz, have decided to become ranchers. They are looking for a place where they can settle down to the simple life.

from all

MARLENE DIETRICH had a thoughtful expression on her face as she went over the script of "Manpower." George Raft has to slap her face twice, push her downstairs, and then hit her across the mouth with the back of his hand. Marlene had previously stated she wanted no double.

WHITE heads and beards predominated when ninety-five Hollywood extras reported to work on "New Wine." As distinguished guests at a gala ball in a Hungarian castle, not one of the extras was under sixty, the oldest ninety. Between takes the old people amused themselves in various ways. Two bearded grandfathers played chess. Several old ladies brought out their knitting, but the majority just nodded sleepily in their chairs.



Your Great Chance is here for EXTRA MONEY!

Yes, here's your great chance for extra money by making French Flowers at home, in all kinds of materials for dress-wear and millinery. These are not now imported—and urgently needed. This new craft will bring you in that extra money needed! No experience required. Distance no disadvantage. Materials and Working Outfit FREE, and OUR SIGNED GUARANTEE assures a market for your work. You earn as you learn. Start now! Remember, these flowers must be MADE IN AUSTRALIA NOW! Join this new industry, and don't delay! We pay forwarding charges on all flowers supplied from any state, and packing cases are Free.

LA PAULA ART INDUSTRY, Culwulla Chambers, 67 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY. Box 2262U, G.P.O., Melbourne. Without obligation to me, please send your free book showing how I can make extra money by making flowers for you—also your MARKETING BOND and Special WINTER OFFER.

Name
Address W 31/8/41

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4/- jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

CHEMIST SAYS

SKIN LOVELINESS IS POSSIBLE ONLY THROUGH SKIN-HEALTH. REXONA SOAP KEEPS THE SKIN THOROUGHLY HEALTHY—AND BEAUTY FOLLOWS, NATURALLY.



FOR skin-health, for skin beauty—Rexona! Rexona is the only soap containing Cadyl. This special compound of medications gently draws out the impurities from the pores, where all skin troubles start. Rexona ensures complexion loveliness the natural way—through skin health. Start using Rexona right away!



If skin faults don't respond quickly to Rexona Soap care, then your skin needs the complete Rexona treatment—Rexona Soap and Ointment.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This wonderful treatment rapidly heals the most obstinate blemishes, leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

REXONA

is more than a beauty soap, it's a Complete Skin Treatment

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

RHEUMATISM

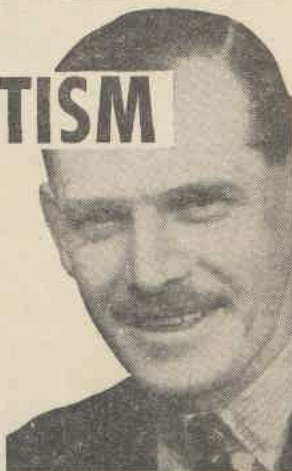
De Witt's Pills quickly freed him from pain!

Mr. W. W. is so grateful for the benefit from De Witt's Pills that he is continually recommending them to others—who also "swear by them."

He writes:—"I state without fear of contradiction that I was a very bad sufferer from rheumatism. Then I heard of De Witt's Pills and decided to give them a trial. They acted like magic—I am now free from pain, but I always keep a bottle in the house. I have recommended them to others, who swear by them. What they have done for me they will do for others, if given a fair trial."

Mr. W. W.

De Witt's Pills overcome the pain caused by rheumatism because they tackle the trouble right at the source—weak kidneys. When kidneys are weak and sluggish they allow impurities and poisons, especially excess uric acid, to accumulate in the system. It is then your trouble starts. Until you get your kidneys acting normally again, your pain will continue and get worse.



De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys. They tone them up, strengthen them and restore normal healthy activity. You get visible proof of their direct action on the kidneys within 24 hours of taking the first dose.

With kidneys back at work again the real cause of your rheumatic troubles is cleared right out of the system. Then, and only then, will your pain end and the vigour and vitality of good health return again.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Approved No. 173.

Made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable everywhere. Prices (including Sales Tax), 1/10, 3/11, and 6/-.



ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mother—if your children are constipated give them relief this simple, pleasant way! To-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, natural laxative. No need to coax or scold... Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. It won't upset little tummies. In the morning Figsen acts... gently, thoroughly and effectively. No gripping pain, no nausea; just an easy, comfortable action. NYAL FIGSEN is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3½ a tin.

The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts.

Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THEY drank for a moment in silence. Both men were big, strong — Brian thicker, slower in movement. I've met the type among cats—stands up and takes a lot of punishment without showing the effects.

"What's this first-aid business Jenny talked about?" Brian, sitting on the sofa, raised his eyes above the pipe he was lighting. "Had an accident?" he asked.

"Oh, that!" Nicholas waved his hand deprecatingly. "Just a scratch that your cat presented me with. Apparently the little duffer doesn't like me."

Brian laughed easily. "Is that all? He's Jennifer's newest acquisition."

Nicholas shrugged. "For the life of me I can't see why people like cats. Now take a dog—that's different. You get friendship from a dog, at least." I pointed my ears in disdain.

"You fatten a cat in idleness, you don't get a welcoming bark, even in return. Dogs show some sort of appreciation for their masters, but did you ever hear of a cat doing a favor for anybody?"

Brian pulled steadily on his pipe for a while, then took a deep drink. "I think your idea is all wrong," he said slowly. "You don't love a thing—or a person—for the favors they can do you. You love them because they need you and let you love them." Brian's steady eyes were on me as he made his little speech, but my instincts told me he was thinking of a less obvious subject.

"Well, perhaps you're right. I never quite looked at it in that way." Nicholas looked at the watch on his wrist. "Gosh, I'd no idea it was so late! Must be running along. I just dropped in for a moment to

invite Jennifer to the piano auditions at the studio to-morrow. I knew she'd be interested. I don't suppose a busy man like you could get along at three?"

"No, don't bother about me. Business isn't exactly booming, but it does manage to take all my time."

It was just then that Jennifer came back into the room. Nicholas repeated his invitation, took his hat and was gone. There seemed to be a whirling of emotions in the room. Probably I am too sensitive.

"Well, that's that..." said Brian. "Drink, Jenny? No? Nicholas drop in often?"

"Oh, no... I was so surprised. Oh, I've seen him at Eleanor's once or twice—he's some sort of cousin of hers, I believe, and drops in at the most unearthly hours. Says his hours at the studio are so erratic that he has to amuse himself while other men work. Strange, isn't it? I don't suppose I've ever seen you at three o'clock in the afternoon except on Sundays and holidays since we've been married, have I?"

"No—why should you?" Brian's answer was completely without guile.

Jennifer's fingers, fluttering over the keyboard of the piano near which she stood, stopped. She stared at him, and her face, heart-shaped like the finest breed of female cats, flushed suddenly. "I think I'll lay the table," she said, and went out again.

I returned from a saunter—having gleaned nothing to augment my neighborhood knowledge—to find the air of the house charged with inordinate sound. I proceeded with

Spinoza

Continued from page 5

deliberation to the living-room whence the sound issued. Jennifer was at the piano. "Playing" seems such an indeterminate word for the performance that now delighted and amazed me. I had known pianists before, but this—this was brilliant. Jennifer's fingers wove a cascade of notes against a thundering bass that woke shivers of ecstasy in me. I found myself trembling—a voluptuous grief filled me; a sad desire obsessed me to mingle my voice with hers. And I did so—my piercing wail an obligato to the last crashing notes.

Jennifer flung up her head, looking at me with startled, brilliant eyes. Then she laughed. "Oh, it's you!"

Her shoulders shook with amusement, then abruptly her head was pillowed in her arms, and her body continued to quiver.

Suddenly it dawned on me that she was crying. That gasping, gulping sound was of tears—not laughter. In a bound I was at her feet, rubbing myself against her slender ankles. Surprisingly she laughed again, and drew me up into her arms, but the tears continued to drop on my fur.

"TRYING to comfort me, Spinoza? What a dear you are, and what a fool I am!" She put her wet face against me—I sternly restrained myself from objecting, violent as I feel about getting my cat wet—and sighed. "Oh, to be a cat, Spin, to eat and sleep in a direct line through one's life, to be free of craving for anything else." I allowed myself a muted snort, "to be very young, and laugh at life, Spin—or to be old, just very old."

Her arms became limp, as though already the fires within her were receding. In a silent thud I landed on the floor—I importune nobody... that is, almost nobody!

Jennifer stood up, searching the pockets of her jacket. "Just like me—no handkerchief... Oh—" Color spread in a flush over her tear-stained face. "Nick's handkerchief," she whispered. She buried her burning face in it. Then she held the prosaic white thing in a tender gesture against her cheek, and her shoulders lifted in a long breath. Turning quickly, she went upstairs.

WITH one paw on the bottom step to follow her, I shrugged my shoulders and changed my mind, since I had heard the key turn in her door upstairs.

Humans and their futile comings and goings... for the nonce I decided to leave them to their imitation of living...

Coming upon a sprawling Lily in the kitchen, I ignored her. "Don't you mess up my clean floor, you black witch!" with one clean leap over her, and made for the outdoors. Exercise, that's what I needed. I'd had too much of this eating and resting.

I walked the length of the Meredith drive, debating on going farther afield—back in my own neighborhood I would surely meet some of the boys. But no—the thought hardly appealed to me.

Suddenly I felt an unseen presence. I knew a pair of strange eyes were watching me.

I wheeled sharply, and caught the glint of bright green eyes from under the stairs of the house next door. I sat down to make a superfluous toilet, permitting an occasional glance from under my polishing paw to see how my indifference was being received. I knew my black coat was at its glistening best in the sun—I disposed my thick tail in an interesting curve.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Green Eyes advanced. She made a little sound in her throat. "New, aren't you?" she said conversationally.

"So-so," I answered non-committally, passing a casual paw over my curving whiskers. I noted with satisfaction her slender grace, the even striping on her body.

"How's the mousing at your place?" She disposed herself at a little distance from me, gracefully relaxed, her pointed head on her paws, and her bright eyes never leaving my face.

"Mousing!" I growled, and whisked my tail angrily. If she was the practical sort... I yawned in her face deliberately to show how she bored me.

"Like coral," she murmured. I knew she meant my mouth... Well, that was different.

Pretending a weariness I did not feel, I also reclined gracefully.

"You know," she said rather diffidently, "black cats scare me a little. They—they seem to know so much."

"They call me Spinoza!" I flicked an imaginary speck of dust from my shoulder.

Please turn to page 30

Berlei the "buyword" for VALUE

Berlei is the only true-to-type foundation, designed to fit your shape as well as your size.

This is an important distinction because the comfort and control and line a foundation gives all depend on fit. If a corset does not fit you it cannot do anything else for you.

Some Berleis are slender sheaths of lace-and-elastic. Others are firmly constructed to discipline rebellious curves. Whatever the needs of your figure or the limit of your purse, insist on a Berlei, be fitted by your Corsetiere, and you'll get most of everything that means VALUE.



THE BERLEI Type Indicator

The Corsetiere "dials" your bust, waist and hip measurements and the Berlei Type Indicator tells immediately the type of foundation you need. It's an infallible guide to perfect fit.

Berlei

Wear a True-to-Type

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT IN FIGURE-BEAUTY, COMFORT AND HEALTH.

SORRY - BUT YOU'RE WRONG



DIETITIANS SAY FISH IS NOT A BRAIN FOOD



DOCTORS SAY COBWEBS ARE GERM TRAPS AND WILL NOT HEAL WOUNDS



AND - CARRYING AN OLD POTATO WILL NOT CURE OR PREVENT RHEUMATISM



INDIGESTION IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK-EATING 95% OF INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH



THIS ACID FORMS - NO MATTER HOW QUICKLY OR SLOWLY YOU EAT

Worry, fear, nerves, emotional strain, excess smoking, over-indulgence—all these things start the overflow of acid in the stomach—and cause indigestion. You must neutralise the excess acid. Bismarated Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bismarated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. Bismarated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard size.

B.I.

HE who laughs LASTS



"Now if you take me to your nearest fire, I'll make you a tasty dish."



"How's Mitchell getting along since he learned to drive?"
"On crutches."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Here's the address for forwarding my letters, but if any come from a tall, dark man just throw them away!"



VISITOR: Your wife must miss you a great deal.
PATIENT: Oh, dear, no. She has a wonderful aim for a woman.



GUIDE: This castle has stood for six hundred years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced.
VISITOR: Um, they must have the same landlord as we have.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER—

The Chance to Live in Comfort and Security at the age of 45.
If You want the OPPORTUNITY, To-day brings YOUR chance to Succeed.

NEVER before in the history of Australia has there been the same chance for quick success in business—for men and women, girls and youths—even if you have never had previous experience. All positions are clamouring for those who will train to take their place in industry, and thus keep the strength of the national resources at its highest peak. There are opportunities for every married man, for men over 40, and for those under 20, that far exceed any previous chance . . . opportunities that will never happen again in your lifetime . . . Will you step ahead to Success now you have this chance? It is for you to decide.

The positions you can fill with H. & R. assistance.

Industry needs—most have—men and women who are trained—or training—in BOOKKEEPING—ACCOUNTANCY—SECRETARYSHIP—COST ACCOUNTANCY. Pick up any paper—almost any day—and read the number of positions that are vacant . . . and those are but a few of the actual positions now waiting . . . and within the next six months the number will increase out of all proportion to the man-power available to fill them. Each day throughout 1941-42 must bring increasing demands for those who are training for business positions. If you commence training with H. & R. Now—previous experience is not essential—you can secure good, remunerative positions in congenial occupations.

Send for this FREE Handbook.

Post the Coupon for our Free Handbook.

"The Guide to Careers in Business." Select the training plan that fits you for the particular career you want, and let H. & R. train you . . . in the comfort of your own home. Do this To-day, and in a few short months you can be in a position of security, forging ahead to success, earning more money while completing your training. H. & R. tuition is the gateway to Success . . . it pays for itself in increased earnings long before you have completed your study.

POST THE COUPON TONIGHT

Department of Accountancy and Commerce

HEMINGWAY & ROBERTSON

The Accountancy Specialists

Founders of Commercial Education in Australasia.

19A, Bank House, Bank Place, Melbourne. 19A, Barrack House, 16 Barrack Street, Sydney. Offices in all capital cities, Newcastle and Launceston.

To HEMINGWAY & ROBERTSON.

Please send me FREE copy of the new, 368 page illustrated handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Business," and details of how the H. & R. Personal-Individual Tuition Method will train me successfully for the career marked below.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Career interested in _____ 19AAA/458.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"AND you reckon you save money by going through the household accounts every evening with your wife?"

"I save pounds. By the time we balance, it's too late to go anywhere!"

PROFESSOR: Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?

Student: I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

"WHAT'S that piece of string tied round your finger for?"

"That's a knot. Forget-me-not is a flower; with flour we make bread, and with bread we eat cheese. This is to remind me to buy some pickled onions."

"WHY hasn't Daddy got much hair, Mummy?"

"Because he thinks a lot, darling."

"Then why have you got so much, Mummy?"

"Er . . . get on with your breakfast."

"AND where is your wife to-night, Mr. Smith?"

"I don't really know, Mrs. Jones, but wherever she is she has a cigarette in one hand and a weak no-trump hand in the other."

"MY wife used to play the piano a lot, but since the children came along she doesn't have time." "Children are a comfort, aren't they?"



Are you only HALF the girl you'd like to be?

Why get up in the mornings half awake?
Why finish your shower half refreshed?
Why sit down to breakfast with half an appetite?
If you've half a mind to get a tonic, make up the other half and get a real tonic—get Kruschen the TONIC Salts.

Kruschen cleanses your digestive system, purifies your blood, brightens your eyes, sweetens your breath, puts a glint in your hair and colour in your cheeks. Kruschen makes you as fresh and clean inside as soap and water outside. Beauty is more than skin deep. The glow of health springs from within.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K2-18-41

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 7/3

I used to suffer silently from PILES



At times I thought I could bear it no longer—I don't know how I managed to get through the days...

Then a friend who had also been a sufferer said: "Try Rexona Ointment—it helped me. Take a mild laxative at the same time." His advice proved right. Rexona soothed the itching and inflammation.

AND NOW I can sit at perfect ease for the first time in years. Believe me I'm grateful to Rexona.

The six proved healing medicaments in Rexona act like a soothing balm. Except for rare cases which require surgical treatment, this simple treatment will give you glorious relief from piles.

1/7 IN THE GREEN TRIANGULAR TIN (2 TIMES THE QUANTITY, 2/3)



C.5.22

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

"O-O-O-H!" Her gentle voice was one long-drawn note. "Mine's Coquette—do you mind?" She blinked her eyes rapidly as though afraid. "Silly name, isn't it?" she giggled.

I missed the luncheon hour, of course, and when finally I came into the house all my coaxing was of no avail. Lily was adamant. "Go on, you black limb of Satan—don't you go coaxing round me for food. The time to eat is eating time. No sooner and no later. Go away!"

I retired in dignified silence. Jennifer was at the phone in the hall when I came through. With an eye on the door I curled up on the sofa, a sweet lassitude enveloping me.

"No, Nick," she was saying hurriedly. "I've decided not to come. Don't ask me why. . . . No, no, don't come for me. Nick, please understand. I've been thinking this thing over. It's no use, Nick. I feel such a fool. Nick! Hello—hello. . . . Why he's hung up. He must be furious. Well. . . ."

Uncertainly Jennifer came into the room. Her eyes seemed to have a blue glaze over them. She sat herself stiffly in the little chair in the curve of the piano. She smoothed her already faultless hair. Twice she started out of her chair at the sound of a car, then sat down again. I closed my eyes in weariness—perhaps I would sleep a little.

This time my ears were no quicker than hers, because she was out of her chair at the very moment I heard the firm footsteps on the path.

In a moment she and Nicholas were back in the room. They were quarrelling. "Of all the stupid things—to make me come and get you," he was saying angrily. "Come on, we'll be late."

"I told you not to come," Jennifer's voice was not quite steady. "Nicholas, you make things so difficult. . . ."

"You need someone to make up your mind for you—and then it isn't so difficult." His voice was cool, dominating. He pinned both her arms firmly against her, as though to steady her, and looked at her. "This will be our first chance to be alone, Jennifer, really alone. Do you understand? Now stop behaving like a child and get your hat and coat. If you want to be coy—all right. But not now and not here. I've got to go on the air on the stroke of three. When the auditions are over, I'll be free to be with you. Now, come!"

Spinoza

Continued from page 28

Before he released her, he stooped and pressed his lips against hers firmly, quickly. Without a word, she went upstairs and was down again ready for outdoors. Nicholas glanced hurriedly at his watch with a frown, then smiled. "We'll manage it," he said. She gave him a tremulous smile in return, and they were gone.

I settled myself with a sigh. Now I would sleep. Visions of Green Eyes' little pink nose, her ardent eyes, lulled me to delicious slumber. I had a passing thought for Jennifer and her Nicholas. Perhaps, thought I, with a mental shrug, all things are for the best in this best of all possible worlds. . . .

When I woke it was almost dark. Ravenously hungry, I scratched at the closed kitchen door, meowing coaxingly at first, then peremptorily. But there was no response. The house was very quiet. Apparently even Lily had gone out.

I walked disconsolately through the rooms. The dining-table had been set. I sniffed at it eagerly, but could detect no familiar smell. However, not to overlook a possibility, I leapt nimbly on a chair and picked my accurate way among the china and glass on the table, hoping to find something to take the edge off my hunger. There was a bowl of flowers in the middle and I indifferently lapped a mouthful of water from it, being careful not to leave a tell-tale drop on the cloth. But my search for food was fruitless.

THE rapid click of Jennifer's heels on the path gave me just enough notice to retire from my compromising position. I scrubbed the back of my neck indistinctly as she entered. I saw at once that she was disturbed, unhappy. Her cheeks were very white, and her eyes red-rimmed.

She did not notice me, but walked quickly to the writing-desk, shedding her hat and coat. At once she opened a drawer, got out paper, sat down and began to write. She wrote in a fury, the rapid scratching of the pen stopping only long enough for a quick dip into the ink.

I watched her in appreciation. My mistress was certainly a woman of parts. Her extraordinary piano-playing—now this agility with her pen. . . . Jennifer wrote madly on. Suddenly she stopped, leaned back in her chair with her eyes closed and sighed deeply. The sigh brought the color back into her cheeks.

"He's so clever, so diabolically clever," she said through clenched teeth. "He twists everything I say before I say it—he says it for me. This is the only way he'll listen."

For a moment she scanned the sheets silently. Thoughtfully she put the letter back, and her eyes moved to the clock, and a startled

look spread over her face. "Six o'clock? Already?" Her eyes moved questioningly to the kitchen door. "Lily!" she called. There was no answer. I and my long-denied stomach shared her indignation. Glancing at the clock again, she rose and walked hastily into the kitchen, murmuring as she went, "Late again!" in an exasperated tone.

I was curious about the cane seat on the chair that Jenny had been using, and was following my tail in an effort to find a comfortable spot when Brian let himself in at the front door. He stopped for a moment to hang up his hat and coat on the way, then came into the living-room, rubbing his face wearily.

"Crikey, what a day," he said out loud, then looked inquiringly round the room. His eyes fell on Jennifer's hat and coat, still lying on the sofa, and he nodded his head as though satisfied. "Think I'll have a drink," he said more jovially. He tickled the back of my neck with his free hand as he stooped to unlock the cupboard. "Lo, Spiny, old boy. How was your business today? About as usual? Well, better times are coming. If the deal I put in hand to-day goes through, I'll buy you a steak all for yourself."

The very thought increased my hunger. Brian slapped his hands against his pockets, found his pipe. He filled it with tobacco, humming under his breath dreadfully out of tune—then noticed that the overflow had dropped on the sheets of notepaper that Jennifer had been using. . . . With care he picked a shred from the top sheet. . . .

I had time for one thought—and my action was simultaneous. My body was a flying wedge that cut the air in two—the pipe fell with a little clatter from Brian's hand, and the ink, pouring thickly from the overturned inkstand, spread in a black stream across the sprawl that had been Jennifer's writing.

I reached the floor just in time to avoid soiling my paws—I hate getting my feet wet—and stopped dead. Jennifer stood at the door, her hands clasped tightly across her mouth, her eyes dilated in agonised fear. She seemed carved of stone. . . . Head bent, his hands cupping a blotter to catch the dripping of the ink, Brian spoke.

"My drink seems to have gone to Spin's head," he said conversationally.

"Brian. . . ." Their eyes met over the saying of his name. If I didn't know better, I would have said that she was seeing him for the first time.

Then, "Let me help you clear this up," said Brian, his voice so gentle—so kind—the tone one uses for a



A SUPERBLY casual dinner-trunk from Dorville. It is made of green-and-white striped silk linen with a wide green belt and clever pouch pockets.

child recently hurt. Something rose in my throat, and my eyes blurred.

When I blinked them clear again, Jennifer was strained against Brian's broad chest. This time, it was her arms that made the other prisoner. "Brian," she sobbed, "I love you." Well. . . .

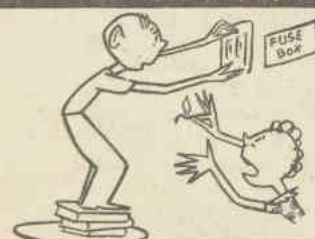
Discreetly I occupied myself with licking my paws—just in case dinner should ever be forthcoming.

The heavenly odor of frying fish teased my nostrils. So Lily was back! It was too much. I whimpered. This time my ideals of behaviour would have to go overboard. My plea was well timed. Lily's muffled shout of "Dinner's ready, Mrs. Meredith!" came through the closed kitchen door.

I followed Brian and Jennifer—Jennifer pressing close in the circle of Brian's arms—into the dining-room. "About time," I grumbled, and snapped angrily at my shoulder at a sudden itch. A lightning shock went through me. A flea! I shuddered at the degrading reality. . . . Where in the world. . . .? My thoughts flew in a parabola and stopped short. . . . Of course! I could have pulled her limb from limb. . . . Green Eyes!

(Copyright)

FUSED AGAIN!



QUICK! IT'S BURNING MY FINGERS



— IT'S OUT !!! —



HURRY DEAR! — IT'S BURNING MY FINGERS AGAIN



TRY AGAIN, DEAR



ELECTRICIANS
THINK
& Co. YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEED MORE THAN FUSE WIRE — HOW ABOUT AN EVEREADY TOO?

EVEREADY BATTERIES



— AND SO HE BOUGHT

T18.41

AN EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Most Geminians have faults which, though not vicious, can hold them back from true success and happiness.

THESE undesirable characteristics, which warrant earnest attention until overcome, are restlessness, unreliability, lack of concentration, a tendency to flirt, trusting too much in friendships, and a tendency to exaggerate even to the point of telling untruths in efforts to make good impressions.

They desire too much change and excitement, lack method and system, and (worse in womenfolk) seem to produce most of the world's prize chatterboxes.

All these faults, of course, help to make these people (born between May 22 and June 22) good companions, for despite their unreliability they are definitely intellectual folk, quick to absorb knowledge and eager to impart it again in breezy, chatty fashion.

But unless controlled to a really helpful degree they are not attributes which lead to success and security.

Therefore wise Geminians will cultivate concentration, patience, attention to detail, stability in their ideas and plans, reliability, and the ability to think before they speak and plan before they act.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make up your mind to live quietly and cautiously for a few weeks, otherwise you are likely to experience difficulties, delays, worries and annoyances. Do not start new ventures or make changes, especially on June 25 and 26.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Quite fair (at last) for many Tauruses, so plan to work hard, seeking minor advancements and gains this week. Use the radiations of June 22 (morning only), June 25 and 26 just fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Concentrate now on consolidating any gains or changes made recently. Do not be too venturesome, put routine and method first. June 22 (after 1 p.m.), 23, and 24 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Get busy, for things should now break nicely for most of you, especially if you utilize the radiations of June 25 and 26 wisely and constructively for starting new enterprises, making changes, journeys, removals, requests, seeking promotion or other gains. Plan wisely for several weeks ahead.

LEO (July 22 to August 23): Unspectacular for most Leonians now, so concentrate on getting routine affairs in hand and in planning for the future. June 27, and 28 just fair.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22): With a little final caution on June 22 (p.m.), and perhaps on June 23 and 24, you run from a difficult period into a quite helpful one. Plan for modest gains and advancements. Make the use of the radiations of June 22 (morning only), 25 and 26, but modestly.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 23): Take things more quietly and concentrate on cautious constructiveness. Try to avoid upsetting recent beneficial conditions lest they end disappointingly. Do not begin new ventures and avoid arguments, difficulties, delays, especially on June 25, 26 and 27 (very early).

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 22): At last you have left a very difficult time behind, and now have an even chance of achieving some of your ambitions, and having a good and happy time. Plan to utilize the radiations of the next few weeks well. Work hard to realize plans on June 25 and 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Things brighten slightly now, but continue to live quietly and keep to routine tasks. Planning for the near future is permissible. Meanwhile, June 27 and 28 just fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Try to live cautiously, cheerfully, patiently, tolerantly, and keep to routine tasks, especially June 25 and 26.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): An unspectacular week for most Aquarians. Routine tasks will prove wisest. June 22 (late), 23, 24 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't sit moping any longer. Be up and doing, for your stars favor you for some weeks. Plan constructively and act confidently and wisely. Start new ventures, changes and restlessness. Ask favors and seek promotion and new happiness. Utilize June 25 and 26.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are at the Orient Museum to help **DR. WHITE:** Solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy. Their efforts are scorned by **DR. BENDAR:** The assistant curator. White in the museum at night

SONNY WHITE: Daughter of Dr. White, is mysteriously locked in a mummy-case. When rescued, the presumably empty case is found to contain a valuable mummy, and Dr. Bendar suggests that the story was all made up by Mandrake to gain a bigger fee. **NOW READ ON.**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Badly Inflamed Varicose Veins

Relieved and Reduced by Simple
Home Treatment

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the powerful, harmless germicide called **Moone's Emerald Oil** can be obtained at any chemist's.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil** (full strength) and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. It is so powerful that old chronic cases of running sores are speedily healed. Chemists are selling lots of it.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

HE looked at me with disfavor, and Joe returned with a tray bearing a bottle and a siphon and ice. Basil's eyes brightened and he reached greedily for the glass; drinking was one of his minor vices; driving his fastest car when drunk (with Alice pitifully sober beside him) at full speed along the winding country roads was one of the reasons for a certain unpopularity with the country people.

Now he reached for whisky eagerly; Joe poured it.

"How's Alastair?" inquired Basil chattily.

"All right, I suppose," I answered. Basil smiled. "How surprised people will be. Rodney and Cynthia still in the cottage?"

"Oh, yes."

"And how's Jenny's young man?" "If you mean Tom Tucker—" I began.

Brief Return

Continued from page 7

"Cousin Mary," Jenny interrupted, and Basil smiled and took the glass. "Oh, it's Tom Tucker, is it? I supposed there must be someone."

Jenny turned to me: "Do you think Alice—? Perhaps—" Her look reminded me that she'd said she'd better be left alone with Basil.

I didn't want to leave her; Basil sober wasn't pleasant; I didn't know exactly what Basil drinking might be. But it wasn't any use trying to combat Jenny that night.

As I turned at the broad landing I heard Jenny below me say: "Thank you, Joe, that's all. So we are the only ones who know you're really alive, Basil? And that you've come home?" Her voice had changed; it was indeed almost friendly.

The hall along the second floor

was wide and spacious; the curtains over the windows at the head of the stairs hung straight down, languidly. It was hot up there, in spite of all the windows being open. I went to Alice's door, which was open, and went in; I had only been wishing for her prolonged and complete insensibility—now I had a little twinge of uneasiness.

Her room was in darkness and the hall was lighted. I hesitated on the threshold, wondering if she were there or if Basil had taken her to another room. But I heard a little sound as if she'd turned quickly on the bed and then she spoke to me.

"Cousin Mary."

I went into the room, groping in the sudden darkness towards the bed. She seemed to be lying on it, but I couldn't see very well. She said rather quickly: "Don't turn on the lights. My—my head aches. What are they doing?"

Well, I was glad she wasn't in hysterics. I said: "Basil and Jenny are talking. Don't be upset about it, Alice. We'll arrange things. You can go back to Robert, and be married to him again. We'll get you a divorce from Basil."

I was promising rashly; trying, as we always did, to smooth the way for Alice.

"Upset," said Alice, and to my astonishment, laughed shortly and thinly. "Basil won't divorce me."

Jenny's going to see the lawyer in the morning."

There was a little pause while it seemed to me in the darkness she was considering it.

"It won't do any good."

"There are always ways," I said vaguely.

"No," she said. "It won't do any good. It's—queer about Basil, isn't it, Cousin Mary?"

I supposed you might call it that.

"Yes." "I don't mean his not telling us he'd escaped. Staying away for months. Letting us think he was dead for so long and then—coming. I don't mean that's queer! That is, it is queer, of course, but it's like—like Basil. He had plenty of money, you see, with him."

I hadn't thought of that at all, but Alice had it all thought out in the most practical way.

"Money?"

I thought she nodded. "Oh, yes. You see he'd gone to sell that timber that he owned. And they'd paid in cash for it. I remember Basil's saying, before he went, that he wasn't too sure of the credit of the company—I can't remember who—

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 18.—

Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 19.—

Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Tales.

FRIDAY, June 20.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, June 21.—

Goodie Reeve presents

"Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 22.—The

Australian Women's Weekly

"Highlights from Opera."

MONDAY, June 23.—With

the A.L.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, June 24.—The

Australian Women's Weekly

presents Half-hour of Special

Music.

that bought that timber. So he was going to get cash if he could. It was quite a lot of money, he didn't say exactly how much; you know how Basil is about money. Well, he must have had that money in his pocket when the plane crashed. So he had plenty of money to do whatever he's been doing during the past year—"

She paused there for an instant as if considering the possibilities of that time.

"Yes, that's exactly like Basil. Plenty of money to go where and when he pleased, do anything he wanted to do; take another name; no need to communicate with any of us. He is rather childish, you know, in unexpected, queer ways; he likes to do mysterious things. He knew it was perfectly safe to leave his estate as he did—that with me (or, if I married, with you) everything would be taken care of; nothing would be wasted. He felt perfectly sure of that. I don't think he actually expected me to marry again, yet—" she left that unfinished.

I was astonished, I remember, at the things she said and the practical way she had everything thought out and explained, while Jenny and I were still groping, still trying to cope with the bare, incredible fact of Basil's return.

"No, that isn't queer at all," she went on. "It's like Basil to wait until we were all—happy. Enjoying life, and the things his death permitted us. And then to return. No, that isn't queer; it's like Basil. The queer thing is that I knew he wasn't dead."

Please turn to page 34



If you're knocking your system
with harsh medicines and cathar-
tics, then read these facts before
more damage is done!



STOMACH—where food is prepared for further digestion.

SMALL INTESTINE—where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.

LARGE INTESTINE—into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

3. This diagram shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. Food not absorbed passes into large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles can't get hold of it. You get constipated.



4. When the intestinal muscles get all the "bulk" they need, they function regularly. You feel full of life again. So start your breakfast each morning with two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Kellogg's All-Bran comes from the packet ready to serve just with milk and sugar. (Let milk soak in.) Within a week you will be regular.

1. Are you taking sledge hammer blows on your system each morning? Constant use of harsh purges plays havoc with delicate internal muscles. Constipation becomes more serious. Increased purging only aggravates your condition. Never helps.



2. Ordinary constipation ends only when you get more "bulk" into your system. "Bulk" mostly comes from raw vegetables and fruit—but we never eat enough. However, Kellogg's All-Bran is prepared especially to give the bowels the same "bulk" they get from fruit and vegetables. This "bulk" in Kellogg's All-Bran brings about a normal, natural and regular movement. (See chart above.)

ONE WEEK LATER—

IT'S WONDERFUL!

I'M REGULAR AT LAST—
AND KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN
ACTS NATURALLY
—NOT LIKE
HARSH PURGES



ORDER A PACKET OF
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM
YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW



A Little 'NUGGET'

GOES A LONG, LONG WAY



Get more and brighter shoe shines per tin! Give your shoes extra protection by using a polish that penetrates the leather to preserve its soft texture! Use Nugget Polish always. Nugget spreads further, more smoothly—shines quicker, more brilliantly—goes further, because you need use less to get a brighter, quicker shine.

There is only ONE 'Nugget'—See you get it!

BLACK, DARK TAN, MILITARY TAN, BLUE, & WHITE CLEANER

Boredom follows if friends meet too often?

I DO not agree that seeing a friend once a week may ruin that friendship (Eve Merritt, 31/5/41). Real friends never bore each other, they share each other's joys and sorrows, and have no need to wait for a topic of conversation to arise.

Idle exchange of gossip is left to formal afternoon-tea parties.

A. M. Dow, 48-Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Make special day

A HAPPY solution of the possibility of women becoming bored by meeting too often is the old-fashioned, but very sensible, "At Home."

We advise our friends (and relations) that such and such a day or afternoon will be set aside each month as our day for entertaining.

This is particularly refreshing as, all being together at once, none can talk about the others, and also



Can share problems.

there is only one lot of cooking to do in providing afternoon tea.

Mrs. R. F. Wilkinson, 113 Lockyer St., Adamstown, N.S.W.

Too familiar

MANY women are inclined to discuss their homes with each other, or to boast of their possessions.

Sooner or later one of them becomes jealous of the other and the friendship is broken.

If meetings are not too frequent, a much more lasting friendship will be the result.

G. L. Browne, O'Connell St., North Adelaide.

Mutual interests

THERE are many subjects one can discuss with friends, such as the war, the cost of living, knitting and dress fashions, books, music, pictures, or politics.

Friends need not talk idle gossip to fill in conversation or avoid boredom.

Mrs. H. Smith, 23 Tyrone St., South Yarra SE1, Vic.

FAR TOO CURIOUS

WHY is it that when a girl becomes engaged her "friends" after congratulating her, literally tear off her diamond ring, peer at the stamp, hold it up to the light, try it on, and mentally value the diamonds.

Some may be sentimental enough not to want to remove the ring, but for fear of ridicule submit to this embarrassing procedure.

Mrs. G. Mathieson, Matilda St., Macksville, N.S.W.

MASCULINE WORTH

WITH our men abroad earning a reputation for cheerfulness and bravery, I feel great appreciation, not only in wartime, but generally, for the unselfishness and real sacrifices men make for women.

They work most of their lifetime and spend the greater part of their earnings in youth in providing homes and comforts for wives and families.

I think Man's devotion to Woman a wonderful thing.

Mrs. H. Wild, 254 High St., Kew E4, Vic.

CLOSE INTEREST

IS there anything more embarrassing than to be forced to endure the continuous, unwinking stare of a small child when travelling in a tram or bus?

For twenty minutes the other day I endured this irritation, when a small girl about three years old fixed her eyes on me.

By the time I could move away I felt as if my hat was on one side, my face dirty, and my dress unbecoming.

Mrs. L. Graham, Raymond Rd., Alderley, Brisbane.

CLEAR THE TABLE

ONE thing that can be very annoying to a busy mother in the morning is to find a table covered with the remains of a meal when she has left the table overnight ready for breakfast.

The culprit is usually a younger member of the family, who brings in a friend or two for a snack after the older folk are in bed.

As the one to come home last is seldom the first to rise, it is very thoughtless conduct.

Mrs. D. Eadie, 166 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

So They Say

Help people to grow gardens

WALKING through parks and other public gardens, noting the profusion of flowers, the trim shrubs and neatly pruned, blossoming trees, and the notices of penalties for anyone interfering with these treasures, I thought that the cuttings and prunings, also the larger seed pods, instead of being destroyed might be given to the general public.

If these were placed in a box under a shady tree or slung to a branch, garden-lovers could help themselves and so have a greater variety of plants, and many they would otherwise not be able to afford, thus making the world a lovelier place.

For this letter to Mrs. Eliza Monaghan, Minnamurra St., Kiama, N.S.W.

USELESS GIFTS

AFTER looking over a young bride's collection of wedding presents, I thought that most of them were things she could do without, or buy herself.

Then there were crystal articles and elaborate chinaware, very nice to look at, but not for everyday use.

How much better it would be if well-meaning friends gave the young married couple articles that they could use daily in the home.

Mrs. L. Bell, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford W9, Vic.

A REAL WINNER

THERE have been many contests such as queen competitions, beach girls, talent quests, and so on, but never a competition to find the girl who can beat all others in general merit.

Could we look for a girl who can sing, play, recite, dance, dressmake, do millinery, tailoring, shorthand, typing, cooking, and speak several languages?

Mrs. D. M. Kirk, 311 Concord Rd., Concord West, N.S.W.

Pay hospital fees instead of bringing flowers?

WOULDN'T our friends be annoyed if we just offered them a day's hospital fees when we visited them?

A sick person wants cheerful reading, flowers, cool drinks and sweets, luxuries that a hospital could not afford. That is why we take delicacies to our sick friends.

Mrs. R. Thomas, 3 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

Be offended

PERSONALLY I would prefer a lovely bunch of flowers to a day's fee if I were a hospital patient.

After all, one does not accept gifts of money from friends when one is in good health, so the same principle must apply if we are ill.

The gift of money would turn a hospital visit into a business deal, instead of the result of a kindly thought to cheer the patient.

Miss Ella Crook, P.O., Nullamanna, N.S.W.

Make more work

A DAY'S expenses at any hospital would cost the friend much more than flowers or fruit. It would also increase the clerical work of the hospital staff a great deal.

Above all, it would be embarrassing to the patient. She would not like the idea of accepting charity from her friends.

Mrs. Esther Hume, c/o The Economic Store, Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

Willing offer

HOSPITAL fees are high, and to have the mind relieved about the difficulty of meeting them seems to me a very good idea.

To call it charity would be absurd. Friends would not offer to help if they did not want to.

Miss H. Rogers, P.O., Mount Gambier, S.A.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a desiccated powerful four times a day. This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Chance of success for these youthful weddings

MISS STEVENSON (31/5/41) says that girls should not marry until 23 years of age. This suggests that the girl who marries at 19 or 20 is simply wasting the best years of her life by accepting responsibilities so early.

Surely a devoted husband, babies, and home more than compensate for the loss of the so-called freedom from family ties.

Mrs. A. Trewartha, Bentham, Keeyna Rd., Gladstone, N.S.W.

Curtails freedom

WHEN girls are married their freedom is naturally curtailed. They cannot go out to parties or spend money as freely as when they were single.

This refers especially to the business girl or the girl whose parents could give her a generous allowance.



Willing to accept home ties.

Also, how many girls really know their own minds in the first few years following school days?

It is far better to wait till the middle twenties when judgment is maturer and there is less possibility of making a matrimonial mistake.

Mrs. J. Lynch, Dandenong Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

No special age

I DON'T think there can be any set age for marrying.

For one couple finance and circumstance may decree a certain age, and for another couple a completely different set of circumstances decides their lives.

But it is surely not desirable for a woman to have to continue managing children when she is so much older, and consequently less capable physically to cope with them.

Children are young, energetic beings and need all the youthful energy necessary for their management.

Mrs. P. Mortimer, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

bring on
INDIGESTION

Most of us are working long hours—and who is free from worry just now? Overwork and worry play havoc with the delicate digestive organs. Appetite goes. Even a well-cooked meal may give you heartburn, flatulence or pain, instead of building up strength and energy.

Don't neglect those danger signals. Tackle your indigestion at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder, the remedy

which corrects stomach trouble scientifically in three stages. First it neutralises excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food—so relieving the weakened stomach. That's why De Witt's Antacid Powder quickly stops indigestion and then restores a healthy appetite.

No matter how long you have suffered, you will soon be eating what you like—enjoying every meal.

Approval No. 173
DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER
Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister today!

large sky-blue canisters,



How would you like to do two shows a day and wear practically nothing right through the winter? "Well, that's what I do," says Joy Walhoo. "but you'd be surprised how few colds I get. Why? Well, because I keep a thermos full of hot Bonox in my dressing room, and no doubt about it, Bonox does keep your head above the 'flu line.' Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your bloodstream—keeps away Old Man 'Flu.' When you feel you need a lift, drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar for a steaming cup of Bonox. Buy a bottle on your way home to-night."

817.

What makes
PEARS soap
so different?



FIRST the pure, amber colour—you can look right into the heart of a PEAR. Then the silky lather that does your skin so much good. Even the manufacture of Pears is different. It is slowly matured, like a wine of illustrious vintage.

Pears
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

19.309.33

Relieve Tired Eyes



A drop of Murine in each eye is the modern way to soothe, cleanse, refresh. Ask your chemist for...

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

PROVED by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



- Proved these 4
Amazing Advantages:
1. Up to 33% more lustre.
 2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
 3. Faster, safer "perming."
 4. Helps keep hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-bleach." RIGHT—Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

Half hair washed with Colinated foam, other half with fine soap or powder shampoo—so nothing affected results except the shampoo themselves.



Helps "Perms" Take Faster
In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less washing time under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd. - - - Sydney.

No other shampoo tested
beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results... a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colinating" process. In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colinated foam—the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo. And the results? ... 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!) Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

"YOU knew—Alice, you can't mean that!"

It sounded rather horrible, coming out of the darkness like that in Alice's matter-of-fact voice.

"Oh, I don't mean he let me know he was alive—or anything like that. I believed in my mind that he was dead, of course; what else could I do? And I married Robert as soon as we thought it was right. I knew it in my mind; I made myself believe it. But in—in my heart," said Alice, "I knew it was too good. It couldn't be true. I knew he'd come back some time."

The odd thing was I couldn't say, "my poor child," or "that's nonsense," for I realised, hearing her self-possessed voice, how utterly banal they were. And I realised, too, and that also was queer, that Alice didn't really need my comfort.

I said at last: "I'm going to ring up Tommy Tucker. He'll give you something to make you sleep. Tomorrow we'll see a lawyer and cable to Robert."

Slightly to my surprise she didn't want me to call the doctor; she had never before refused it.

"What's Basil doing?" she asked. "I told you; he's talking to Jenny. Drinking—"

"Drinking!"

"Yes."

There was another little silence, then she said, "Well, he'll drink quite a lot, I expect," and lay back on the bed. She seemed pleased. "I don't need a doctor. It's good of you to come in, Cousin Mary, but I really am quite all right. I've got a sedative if I can't sleep."

It was exactly as if she had asked me to go away and leave her alone. I felt rebuffed, and that by Alice who, in all my knowledge of her, had never refused ministering hands and presence.

"Very well," I said lamely. "If there's anything you want—"

"Thank you, Cousin Mary. I'll call you."

I went away perplexed by Alice's unexpected attitude; wishing I had

turned on the light so that I could see her for myself and somehow clarify something that needed clarifying. I was standing in the hall when I heard her door close behind me and the key turn in the lock.

Well, at any rate, Alice was proving herself more self-reliant than we had expected. But instead of cheering me as it ought to have done, Alice's completely unexpected attitude only alarmed me.

In my own room I decided that when all was said and done it would be safe and a good move to telephone to Tommy Tucker or to Rodney. Rodney was, of course, our lawyer since he'd left the factory; he would know what, if anything, we could do. I decided to see him in the morning and put Alice's case before him. He had worked for Basil, but it had been a business association only. He was a good manager for Basil and Basil paid him a good salary. He would be fair to us and would do what he could for us. And I would ring up Tom at once.

I didn't think of calling upon Alastair. Indeed, under no circumstances would I have sent for him for help, though he'd been everything that was friendly and neighborly that past year. There was nothing about him, in fact, you could put your finger on and say, it's that about him I don't like.

But Alastair would have been instantly on Basil's side in any controversy. They were, always, instinctively kindred spirits.

There was an extension telephone in my room. I took down the receiver.

And as I did so I realised that someone was using the line, for a woman's voice said clearly in my ear, "Will you give me that number again, please?"

That was the telephone operator. From habit and without stopping to think I did something I was to wish undone, and that was put down the telephone at once, thus not hearing another word.

It was quiet and dark in my room except for the moonlight, which made gentle patterns on the floor. Well, I was to leave that peaceful room and go back to my pre-war house, which, unfortunately, had pre-war plumbing and heating, or lack of it, and pre-war foundations. I wished bitterly that I had dipped into Basil's money freely while I had a chance and made some needed repairs. His return couldn't have taken those away from me.

I wondered, briefly, what he would say of the way I had dealt with his money. Almost all of the half I had given Alice had come from the sale of the factory he had owned, and I didn't know what, if anything, she and Robert had done with their money.

Light footsteps came along the hall and sounded like Jenny's; when I reached the hall, however, it was empty and Jenny's door, at the end of it, was closed. I went to it and knocked, and, hearing something which I took to be a request to enter, opened the door.

Jenny was standing at the dressing-table, but she hadn't replied to my knock, for as I opened the door she turned quickly towards me as if startled, and one hand went back towards an open drawer, the second from the top.

Brief Return

Continued from page 32

"Oh—it's you."

One of the lamps on the dressing-table had been turned on; it made a pool of soft light upon Jenny's filmy skirt and left her face above in shadow. Her attitude gave me the impression there was something on the table she didn't want me to see. I said: "What has Basil decided? Or has he—"

She caught her lower lip between her teeth; her face, owing to the shadow, looked very pale and unyouthful. Behind her, with a faint suggestion of furtiveness, she closed the drawer of the dressing-table.

"Oh, yes, he's decided. You see, he—"

I must have made some exclamation, for she went on rapidly, a little breathlessly: "Nobody told him; I think he guessed. Basil—does that, you know; it's uncanny."

"What's he going to do?"

Her eyes seemed very large in the shadow.

"He says legally the child is his. And I think he's right. He quoted law about it; he says if he concedes—that's the word he used—and claims the child, no jury in the world will give it to Alice. He says even if she tries to get a divorce, he'll keep the child. He says law—and right—are all on his side. He's taken a forgiving tone. He says in the eyes of the world Alice is—on the wrong side of the fence. And, of course, that's true."

It was true. Basil had every right, every law on his side. If you didn't know the circumstances as we knew them, you would consider him an outraged husband, and his action in refusing to divorce Alice and in providing for her and the child of another man the very height of magnanimity.

Again and blindly I didn't question his motives, although I knew he had no particular affection for Alice and I ought to have known that the last thing Basil would really want was Robert's child. But you can't, on the spur of the moment, discover exactly how to cope with a situation so unusual to your experience, and so urgent. That was our weakness from the beginning; both Jenny and I were possessed with a driving sense of urgency. Alice must be divorced from Basil and remarried to Robert.

We talked, I suppose, for fifteen minutes or so; that is, I talked (and with considerable ignorance) of lawyers and ways and means. Jenny didn't have much to say.

I WENT away at last. Basil, she'd said, was still downstairs and I thought of ringing for Joe and telling him to see that Basil got put to bed; I didn't do so, however; I gave myself the small and petty satisfaction of hoping that Basil would drink himself silly and then spend the night on the drawing-room floor.

But I went again to the telephone. Late as it was I intended to get hold of Tom Tucker and talk to him before I faced Basil in the morning.

This time no one was on the line, but I was still out of luck. Tom Tucker was out. I hung up discouraged.

I don't know just how much later



A CIRCULAR plaid skirt done in red, green, yellow, and black, twined is worn with a bright green lumber-jacket. From Jaeger.

it was that, hearing a sort of rustle in the hall, I opened the door and saw Jenny starting down the stairs. I caught only a glimpse of the light on her red-brown hair and the dark evening cloak she wore, which completely enveloped her from his high collar to her sandalled feet. She swished gently out of sight and, because of the cloak I suppose, I instantly leaped to the conclusion that she was as restless as I and was going out to walk, perhaps, in the moonlight.

And, not at all philosophically but because there was nothing else to do, I closed the door again, went to bed, and lay there watching the slowly shifting patterns of the moonlight and thinking. I suppose I did eventually sleep lightly, for when I roused all at once at some sound, the moonlight had gone completely from my room, although of course the windows were still white.

I listened, startled as one is when awakened suddenly, and heard it again. A slight motion somewhere in the shrubbery below my window. I put on my small bed-light; the clock said a quarter to two—then Alice and Jenny were asleep long ago. I got up and went to my window and called down softly: "Who's there?"

The rustle stopped and there was no answer. I repeated: "Who's there?"

Again there wasn't a sound. Then suddenly in the deep silence I heard a faint, small tinkle. The kitten's bell. That was it, of course.

I don't know why the thought gave me instant relief. We'd forgotten the kitten; I'd better go down and let him in.

I put on a dressing-gown and slippers and let myself into the hall which was dimly lighted and empty and very quiet. Alice's door was closed, and Jenny's. I went to the stairs and tiptoed down; there was a small light, too, in the hall below, which stretched dimly into the drawing-room and there was no sound or sight of Basil anywhere.

Please turn to page 35

BE CHEERFUL... KEEP FIT... Take Eno!



Keeping cheerful is very largely a matter of keeping fit, and this is impossible if long hours, hurried meals and lack of sleep have caused faulty elimination, indigestion, and sick headaches. Guard against these enemies of health and happiness by taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" regularly. Through its natural action, Eno regulates the system, washes away poisons and corrects acidity. Take a sparkling glass of Eno first thing every morning and know what real fitness means.

Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.

Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action.

Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.

2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.



ENOS FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Brief Return

Continued from page 34

I PUT on a small table-lamp, the light of which proved that the drawing-room was empty, and went to the french windows; somewhat to my surprise one of them was open. We usually locked up but, in that quiet community, made no rule about it. I went out on the terrace and called the kitten.

He didn't come and I didn't hear the tinkle of his bell; I walked round the house, leaving the terrace and walking across the silver lawn, calling the kitten softly as I did so. He still didn't come and I heard no sound at all anywhere. There was only that eerie white light over everything and the black patches of wood and shrubs and house shadows. The house above me was dark, except for the faint light from the drawing-room windows. No one anywhere was moving. It was as still and quiet as a world of the dead.

There was dew on my slippers' feet; I turned finally and went back to the terrace. I remember that I glanced down towards the lake and noted its unearthly silver quiet and the deep black shadows beyond and round it which masked the little wooden bridge. Nothing anywhere moved. I am certain of that.

In the drawing-room again I turned off the light and started in the darkness towards the stairs. It was in the hall that the unexpected thing happened, and that was something soft and moving which brushed fleetingly against my bare ankles and was gone.

I uttered an exclamation, bent, clutched in the darkness, and encountered the soft, moving fur of the kitten. He arched his back smoothly against my hand and then fled away down the back hall as silently as he'd come.

So he had been in the house all the time. Exasperating!

I went upstairs and into my own room. Again I noted that Jenny's door and Alice's were closed. It wasn't till I returned to bed and put out the light on my bed table that it occurred to me that the kitten had worn no bell.

He'd worn no bell and had been in the house all the time, and yet I had heard his bell tinkling in the shrubbery below my window.

Well, there was some simple explanation for it: I told myself that and tried to find the simple explanation. None offered itself.

The cat had been in the house all the time; the french windows were open, true, but the outer door beyond was closed; it always closed itself by a spring. So the kitten couldn't have got in by himself. And it wasn't at all likely that, during the time it took me to slip into a dressing-gown and go downstairs, someone else had heard the kitten, gone downstairs, enticed him into the house and returned without being seen by me.

It was not only unlikely, it was impossible. I would have encountered her on the stairway, or in the drawing-room.

Yet the bell had certainly tinkled lightly down there in the dense black shadows; and the kitten in the house had worn no bell.

It annoyed me; it began to arouse a kind of uneasiness. So small a perplexity and I could not get it

out of my mind. I got up at last, reached again for the dressing-gown and went to Jenny's room.

She wasn't there. I knocked and knocked again and tried the door and went in. The bed was untouched, smooth and neat, exactly as Mabel had turned it down long ago. Moonlight lay quiet and white on the floor there, flooding the room.

Well, that worried me, too. It gave point to my growing uneasiness. Basil gone; Jenny not in her room; the kitten in the house without a bell when I had just heard that bell tinkle in the shrubbery.

Yet I had no premonition of the thing that happened almost immediately. I was standing in Jenny's empty room, looking at the bed with moonlight soft and clear upon it, defining its emptiness when I heard it.

The windows were open and one of them faced the front lawn and drive. And suddenly, in the unearthly, white stillness came a crashing, reverberating sound which could be nothing in the world but a revolver shot. There is no mistaking that sound, if you know anything at all about guns. And it's especially unmistakable on a clear, quiet moonlight night and not very far away.

THERE was only one shot. It made a sudden, rocketing crash of sound that died away in vibrant waves across moonlit lawn and black shadows, and then there was nothing. No sound. No cry. No feet running along the driveway. Simply nothing.

I was in the hall and no one was there. I think I called Jenny's name and Alice's—perhaps even Basil's—but no one answered and there was only stillness since those shaking reverberations had died away. The servants slept in the long wing over the kitchen at the back of the house. I didn't think of summoning them.

I remember running; the hall was dark as I had left it only a few minutes before—fifteen at the most.

The wide front entrance is at right angles, there is the hall, to the staircase. I fumbled for the latch; it was bolted and I was confused and hurried and for a few seconds I struggled with that bolt. Then the door opened suddenly and I ran out on to the wide steps. If I hesitated at all I have no recollection of it. I knew exactly what I must do.

The drive curved white before me between broad hedges of laurel. The shot had come from the direction of the bridge. I ran down the drive—a middle-aged woman in flapping bedroom slippers and a black silk dressing-gown, with her hair in a blue cap.

I cannot describe—cannot define—the certainty that possessed me the instant I heard that revolver shot, except that it was a certainty.

It was quiet and still, the moonlight eerily white, and none of the black dense shadows moved by a hair's breadth. Round a bend in the laurel I came at last to the bridge; the road-bridge, that is, over a stream they called Hoult River.

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—Of course, you know the rankings in the R.A.A.F. Well, which of these three is the highest?
Air-Commodore — Wing-Commander — Air-Marshal.
- 2—Last month Stalin took over the Premiership of Russia from
Lifshin — Molotov — Voroshiloff.
- 3—June 18 is an important anniversary that you should remember. On that day occurred
The Battle of Waterloo — The Battle of Trafalgar — The Signing of the Treaty of Versailles.
- 4—Stratus and cumulus are names you often hear. Do they refer to
South American trees — flowering bulbs — cloud shapes.
- 5—The combined size of New Zealand's North and South Islands is larger in area than
New South Wales — Victoria — Queensland — South Australia.
- 6—American housewives who ask you to eat a broiled steak mean that they have
Boiled it — baked it — grilled it.
- 7—No Australian aboriginal would like to be without his wommera, which is a
Good luck charm — a sort of ice-weapon — a hut made from bark.
- 8—The famous English artist, Sir Edward Landseer, specialised in painting
Children — landscapes — animals.
- 9—Your tape measure won't measure this one in one length, but do you know that the number of yards in a furlong is
120 — 440 — 220 — 360.
- 10—Can you give word perfect the line which follows
"And departing leave behind us?"

Answers on page 36

I came to it and stopped; someone was lying on the bridge stretched out and very still.

After a moment I went closer. His handsome face was turned up to the moonlight; dark blood from under his head stained the white gravel below it.

He was dead, of course; I knew it at once.

Below me Hoult River murmured a little, secretly. There was no one else on the bridge and no sound anywhere except the murmur below.

I was shaking all over and I leaned against the railing of the bridge, clutching it with one hand. The moonlight was so cruelly clear; every small detail was in black and white like an etching. Basil and

his babyish, surprised mouth. There was no revolver; I looked carefully.

And I had to do something about it.

I wasn't thinking quickly; I couldn't. I kept looking at Basil. No one knew he was at home. No one, that is, except Jenny and Alice and Joe. It seemed too bad that anyone else ever need know it. So far as everyone else knew he was already dead and had been for a year.

I looked all round; the bridge had widely spaced railings and Basil was lying quite near the side. But Hoult River was too shallow and placid a stream.

Please turn to page 36



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



"Ess, it's dolly good"

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white. MACLEANS tones up the gums. MACLEANS makes them firm, hard and healthy. MACLEANS pure white hygienic paste keeps teeth pure fresh and clean. MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.



BRITISH TO THE TEETH

WHICH POLICY would be best for you?

A choice of plans for winning security



● On the other hand, a young man about to marry, or a young man already married, usually realises how tragic would be the need of his wife and children if he died. He will wisely select the kind of A.M.P. policy that gives the largest death benefit for the amount he can afford to invest each month.

● The A.M.P. Society issues many different types or kinds of policies. It does not urge or recommend any one particular policy in preference to another. It knows that there is always a "best policy" for each of its members at the time he or she takes it out. The A.M.P. is always anxious that the correct choice be made.

● As the result of long experience, the management of the Society recommends that you take one of its representatives into your confidence. You will find him helpful; every day he discusses this question of "which policy" with men and women having similar problems to yours. He cannot fail to help you if you follow his advice.

● If you prefer, the Management will be happy to send you a book specially written for people in their twenties and thirties, called "Peace of Mind." As a young man or woman, it may give you a new outlook on life. It has helped a great many young people to find the road to financial independence. Write for it to-day.

USE THIS COUPON

The Manager, A.M.P. Society.
Please send me a copy of "Peace of Mind" and any other booklets that you think will interest me.
Mr., Mrs., Miss
Age

- If you are like most young men and women you will be wondering which A.M.P. policy will best suit your needs: (1) What kind of policy? (2) What amount? (3) What cost?
- A woman may have different assurance needs from a man. A business or professional woman with no one dependent upon her will not be interested in, or need, a policy providing a sum of money payable at her death. She will want a policy that will give herself the largest income for life when she is ready to retire.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, K.B.E., Chairman of the Principal Board.
A. W. UNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager and Actuary.
C. M. Martin, Chief Inspector and Secretary. A. E. WEBB, Manager for New South Wales.
HEAD OFFICE: 57 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.
District Offices throughout all States. New Zealand Office: Customhouse Quay, Wellington.

No more COUGHING!

or Sleepless Nights . . .

Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. C. D. Thomas. He says: "I have had chronic bronchitis all my life, and Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is the only medicine that has given me lasting relief." You can't go wrong on Buckley's — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of hilariously cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. Get a bottle to-day of any chemist or store.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Holidays ANYWHERE, ANY PLACE, ANY TIME

Book at
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
St. James Building, Elizabeth St, SYDNEY. Tel. MA4496.



Of course you must have BLUE to have WHITE!

Your lovely white linens will soon turn greyish-yellow unless they have that extra rinse in Blue water on wash days. . . . Try as you will, you cannot have gloriously white washing, washing to be proud of, unless you use Blue in the last rinsing water.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS YOUR LINEN A GOOD COLOUR



PEACE AND PRIVACY

Perfect peace and solitude await the weary traveller or business man in his room at the Victoria. And though this peacefulness may make the outside world seem far away, the Victoria's special guest service is always at hand to care for your every wish. For when you make the Victoria your Melbourne home, you're assured of service, comfort and luxury, as well as the convenience of staying right in the heart of Melbourne.

THE VICTORIA PALACE

MELBOURNE'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL
215 LITTLE COLLINS STREET - NEXT TOWN HALL

S. D. HORNE
Manager

"ROOM ONLY"
DAILY TARIFFS
Singles - 5/- to 10/-
Doubles - 8/- to 18/-
Suites, Family Rooms, etc.
Full Catering Services.

Brief Return

Continued from page 35

IT was then, however, that I saw something that was leaning against the railing, and went closer and found a very curious thing, and that was a knife from the green-house; a murderous-looking thing, long and heavy and terribly sharp. Jenny had bought it for the gardener and it's a handy thing with weeds.

But Basil had been shot; I had heard the shot and it seemed to me that only a revolver shot could have made that sound. I couldn't, of course, make absolutely certain of it, but I was sure enough. And if I was right, then the knife had had nothing to do with it.

But I stood there looking at the thing and at Basil and remembering that Jenny had a revolver. She had bought it because we were so much alone and she kept it in a drawer of her dressing-table. The second from the top.

The river below and the bridge were eerily white, and black shapes that were laurel thickets crowded the foot of the bridge.

It was as if there were only Basil and me in the whole silent world, and Basil was dead.

The river murmured softly. And there was a faint rustle in the laurel thicket.

It came again. There was no wind. I hesitated, then took a step or two towards the black, impenetrable mass of shadows and said clearly: "Jenny—"

There wasn't any reply and my voice sounded extraordinarily clear. It was as if all the crouching black shrubs heard me call her and repeated to themselves—Jenny, Jenny.

All at once the silence frightened me. The silence and the rustle which had stopped; the dead man behind me, and the knife, bright and shining, leaning against the railing.

Basil Hoult was really dead this time; murdered. He lay there on the bridge and the thing that I had to do was call the police, because it was murder.

And still whatever was hidden in the laurel hedge did not emerge. I turned and began to walk rapidly up the drive again towards the house—aware of the sound of gravel under my feet and wondering if I heard footsteps behind me. Hurrying all at once, certain that I was.

Yet it was Jenny who had a revolver and I wasn't afraid of Jenny.

I reached the door; I think I turned to look behind me then, as I wouldn't do while I still had that long stretch of white gravel, with blurred, deep shadows of laurel hedging it, between me and the house. I turned then to look and there wasn't anything at all. No one walking silently along the grass. No moving shadows along the crouching hedges.

The telephone was beside the door. I lifted it and my hands were shaking so that I could scarcely hold it. It seemed unbelievable that a voice should exist in that eerie, white night, but one did and said something, thinly, in my ear. I asked for Dr. Tucker. It was instinctive; not thought out. I hadn't any intention of asking for him.

The house was utterly silent round me. Strange that no one else had heard that heavy revolver shot.

"Hallo?" It was George's voice, thin and metallic and not quite real. George was the boy who, with a nurse, took care of old Dr. Tucker and helped Tommy.

"I want Dr. Tucker."

"Dr. Tucker is not in."

"No—but he must be. I simply must talk to him. George—George—this is Miss Chace. I must talk to Dr. Tucker."

"Dr. Tucker is not in," said George.

"He—wait, please—"

HE was gone and I waited. Nobody in all that house awake but me. Basil dead. The problem of his homecoming solved. But solved wrongly, dreadfully.

George didn't return.

The knife. I felt that I ought to have brought it back to the house with me, but I didn't know why I had that sudden compulsion. What did it matter? Basil had been shot.

Where was Jenny? Why hadn't Alice heard that shot? Why—a voice came into my ears. A hurried voice, panting a little.

"Yes, Miss Mary."

It was Tom.

"Tommy—Tommy, listen. We are in trouble. Dreadful—"

He didn't say what trouble? He just waited. I thought of the telephone operator who has little enough to amuse her at night. "Tommy, can you come?"

"Now?"

"Yes. Yes, I know it's late, but—Tom, please come. Quickly."

"Very well, I'll come at once—"

The telephone clicked. I put down the receiver slowly. It was out of my hands now. I took a long breath and knew that someone was in the hall with me. I turned round quickly, and Jenny said: "What is it? What's happened? Why did you ring up Tommy Tucker?"

I hadn't heard her approach. I hadn't the faintest idea where she'd come from, except that it wasn't down the stairs, for I'd have seen her. Her face loomed up white as a little ghost's in the dusk and she wore some kind of dark thing that blended with the shadows. Her blue cloak, of course, I realised.

"Jenny—"

"What's happened?"

"Jenny, how did you get here? Where have you been?"

"What has happened? Why did you ring up Tom—"

"He's dead."

"Who's dead?"

"Basil, of course."

"Basil—Do you mean—Basil dead?"

"He's there on the bridge. I've sent for Tom Tucker. I didn't know what to do."

She shrank back a little into the shadow so that her white face with

The answer is—

- 1—Air-Marshal.
- 2—Molotov. (It occurred about May 7.)
- 3—The Battle of Waterloo.
- 4—Cloud shapes.
- 5—Victoria.
- 6—Grilled.
- 7—A sort of weapon (a spear-thrower).
- 8—Animals.
- 9—220 yards.
- 10—"Footprints on the sands of time."

Questions on page 35

great dark eyes seemed to float bodiless before me. She whispered: "Basil—really dead—"

"Yes, he's dead. Now what are we going to do about it?"

"But he—I can't believe it—"

"Tommy is on his way here."

She was still staring at me with the strangest look I have ever seen on a human face. She didn't look like Jenny, with that look on her face. There was horror and there was fear, but most of all there was the strangest recognition. As if she'd known he was dead before I told her and yet had to be sure.

I felt sick, and queer; and didn't know what we were going to do.

Jenny said stiffly: "How?"

"How—"

"What killed him? I heard—"

I couldn't look at her any longer. I said: "He was shot; he must have died almost at once," and turned away.

I went towards the drawing-room. I had reached the door when I heard the little rustle and sigh of silk behind me and a kind of moan from Jenny. I turned round. But she wasn't fainting. She had crumpled against the telephone-table and was clinging to it and she said: "Oh, Heavens. Shot—"

After a moment I turned on the light in the drawing-room. The windows were black now and winked and glittered, reflecting me blankly as I poured us each a good stiff drink of whisky.

"Here," I said, and held a glass towards Jenny, and she came, feet dragging curiously, and took it.

She still wore the blue evening cloak; it was made of velvet with a high Elizabethan collar, and it was lined in scarlet against which her face was white as wax. She held the glass in her fingers and stared at me and I said crisply: "Hurry up. Drink it."

"Where is he?"

"I told you. On the bridge."

"He was—shot?"

Please turn to page 38



QUICK, EASY, LESS COST

Half to one teaspoonful of TILLOCK'S COFFEE AND CHICORY POWDER in the cup, add boiling water or milk, and "coffee is ready!"

Every particle of this finely-ground full-flavoured coffee powder dissolves in boiling water or milk in the twink of an eye . . . so you get the whole delightful aroma and delicious taste of fresh oven-roasted coffee beans—without dregs or sediment in your cup. Make delicious coffee without a percolator or strainer IN AN INSTANT—at far less cost! . . . Ask your grocer for

TILLOCK'S
COFFEE & CHICORY POWDER
"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint"

SOFT CURLS THAT STAY



Long-lasting, soft, adaptable curls . . . that really stay where you put them . . . are the exclusive achievement of Eugeneol sachets. See that your hair-dresser uses Eugeneol sachets.

eugène

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States

Klipper
ALL AUSTRALIAN
World Renowned

WOOL TIES

WASHABLE—UNCRUSHABLE

Klipper BOTANY 2/6

Klipper JUNIOR 1/9

Klipper KANGAROO 2/11

Klipper CRAFT Extra Large 3/6

Klipper

WOOL TIES

● KLIPPER SCARVES
● KLIPPER DRESSING GOWNS



FREE GIFTS

to delight a woman's heart

THERE'S A REAL thrill when you collect your free gift from the Vita-Brits seals that you have been saving. Every article in the big range of high quality gifts is something useful and really worth having. Buy Vita-Brits — the crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal that is packed full of nourishment, and start saving the seals today.



SAUCEPAN, 14 pt., strong aluminium. Save 30 large seals or 90 small seals. Post. and pack., 1/3.



KETTLE, strong aluminium. Save 60 large seals or 180 small seals. Post. and pack., 1/9.



BREAD KNIFE, stainless steel, serrated edge. Save 24 large seals or 72 small seals. Post. and pack., 1/9.



BROOM-HEAD — strong hair bristles. Save 40 large seals or 120 small seals. Post. & pack., 1/4.



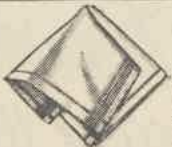
CASSEROLE, round. Press. Save 100 large seals or 300 small seals. Post. and pack., 1/9.



TOWEL, coloured designs, quick drying. Save 24 large seals or 72 small seals. Post. and pack., 6d.



TABLE KNIFE, stainless steel. Save 20 large seals or 60 small seals. Post. and pack., 3d.



TEA TOWEL, all linen. Save 15 large seals or 45 small seals. Post. and pack., 3d.



COLANDER, strong aluminium. Save 36 large seals or 108 small seals. Post. and pack., 1/6.

OVER 300 GIFTS TO CHOOSE FROM—

The high quality and useful articles pictured at left are typical of the gifts you get in exchange for the seals which you will find on the side of every Vita-Brits packet. The gift range includes fancy goods, household linen, kitchenware, cutlery, crockery, china and glassware. All these gifts are displayed at the Gift Showrooms where you can inspect in comfort and at your leisure.

VITA-BRITS

THE MORNING, NOON & NIGHT CEREAL

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS—At the Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, all the gifts are clearly displayed and marked with their exchange values. By bringing the necessary number of seals to the Showrooms, you can take immediate delivery of the gift you prefer. If you live out of town, you can have your gift forwarded to you by sending in the necessary seals to the Showrooms, together with (1) your name and address, (2) details of the gift you prefer, (3) necessary postage and packing charge. The large (24 oz.) packets of Vita-Brits carry a large seal. The small (12 oz.) packets carry a small seal. In exchange values for gifts, three small seals equal one large seal.

VITA-BRITS GIFT SHOWROOMS

Sydney: 263 Castlereagh St. (Opp. Mark Foy's) **Wollongong:** Coupon Gift Centre, Crown St.
Newcastle: Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter St. **Lithgow:** Coupon Gift Centre, Main Street.
Cessnock: Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent St. **West Maitland:** Coupon Gift Centre, High St.
Parromotta: Coupon Gift Centre, Macquarie Street.



★ To get your gifts quicker, combine your Crispies seals with the seals from the packets of Vita-Brits and Spry's Cornflakes.

Sketching is the hobby that pays!



Would you like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, whatever your life, whether you have had little or no previous training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and lucrative profession, in your own home.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide; 251 Murray St., Perth.

POST THIS COUPON — CUT HERE.

To STOTT'S (Nearest Address).

Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.

My Name

Address

A.W.W. 1441

REDUCE YOUR WAIST!

TRY A GOVERNA BELT
FOR 7 DAYS AT OUR RISK

A bulging waistline endangers your health and well-being. The GOVERNA CORRECTIVE BELT will give you a slim, athletic figure. Fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks, or buttons. Supports correctly the delicate organs, and by its gentle changing pressure banishes waist-line fat and bulge with every move you make.

Try the GOVERNA BELT AT OUR RISK—in seven days your waistline will be slim, smaller—think of strain and bulge gone—or NO COST. Write for full details of FREE TRIAL OFFER and Illustrated Folder. Mention this paper. GOVERNA BELT CO., 241-243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



"All in together"

—say radio stars

Joint effort to raise funds for the Red Cross

As a climax to its current appeal on behalf of the Red Cross, Station 2GB is arranging two big events.

The first is a three-hour radio programme on Wednesday of this week and the second is an old-time dance the following night when dancers will meet well-known radio personalities.

THE radio programme will be one of the most important features arranged by radio stations to aid the war effort.

Many well-known artists, public figures, and sporting identities have agreed to co-operate in the three-hour programme for more funds for the Red Cross and its splendid work among the boys who are fighting overseas, as well as those who are prisoners of war.

Radio personalities will compete with one another in appealing to listeners to contribute.



ELLIS PRICE.

The one and only "Ginger," accompanied by Mal Verco, will be on the programme, while Jack Davey, Arundel Nixon, and Ellis Price will call on their respective followers to support the appeal.

Arrangements are also being made for a number of public men to join in the appeal.

Famous sporting personalities will be introduced to the microphone, and a number of them will speak over the air for the first time.

By the time the evening's programme concludes, 2GB hopes that the Red Cross funds will be largely increased.

This Thursday night, June 19, all 2GB's personalities will attend a grand old-time picnic dance which has been arranged at the Trocadero.

To preserve the picnic atmosphere, dancers are asked to bring their own supper, but tea will be served.

The dancing commences at 8 p.m., and will be interspersed with items by 2GB entertainers. Jack Davey, Arundel Nixon and Al Thomas will be to the fore, while the "Under



ROBIN ORRELL.

Twenty-ones" of "The Youth Show" have arranged some surprises which will reveal the talent of these brilliant young people.

Supporting the star entertainers there will be Eric Colman, Robin Orrell, Reg Johnston, Arthur O'Keefe, Oscar Mason, Mrs. Steiner, Judy and Jimmy.

For master of ceremonies the dance will have another well-known radio personality, Si Meredith.

That, however, is not the end to the many bright features. Among them is a series of ballets arranged by Miss Lillian Skinner.

As it is some time since radio listeners have had an opportunity to meet 2GB's radio personalities in person, it is hoped that thousands of listeners will attend the Trocadero to give their help to this war effort.

Brief Return

Continued from page 36

"YES, Jenny, drink that; do as you're told."

She lifted the glass then and drank it neat and didn't even gasp. But I think she would have dropped the glass if I hadn't taken it out of her hands. I drank down my own whisky, too; it seemed gentle and mild.

I put both glasses on the tray and it was queer, but the little click they made startled me and I looked quickly at the doorway as if someone might be watching us.

And Jenny said suddenly: "Nobody else knows he came back," and looked straight at me. Deeply, her eyes dark and intent.

"No! No, Jenny, we can't." It was no use pretending that I didn't know what she meant; I'd thought the same thing.

"Yes, we can. Why not? Nobody ever need know."

"You don't know what you're saying."

There was a little pause; the black windows winked at us, reflecting Jenny's set white face against her brave scarlet ruff. Outside, on the moonlit bridge, Basil lay dead, and on the cushions of the chair beside me was a deep indentation where he'd sat—and laughed at us and held one of those very glasses in his soft, white hands.

"Perhaps I don't," said Jenny suddenly. "But—it would simplify it." Well, of course, that was true. Too true.

"It's—it's all done for us, Cousin Mary, don't you see? Everybody thinks he was killed in the crash; we thought so until to-night; there'll never be any question. It—it wouldn't be even a disappearance to account for, for he's already dead. It—why not, Cousin Mary? Why not?"

"Law and order," I said grimly. "Is it law," said Jenny, "to drag it all out? Expose the whole thing? Think of the newspapers and Alice and her—her marriage that isn't now any marriage at all—"

"Yes, think of her marriage. Are you by any chance proposing that she go on as if Basil hadn't turned up at all?" I tried to make it sarcasm. But Jenny said slowly, as if she wished it were possible to do exactly that: "No—I suppose we couldn't do just that. But she and Robert, now that Basil is actually dead, can be remarried. Quietly somewhere; no one need ever know."

"No, I won't do it."

"Cousin Mary, do you know what a murder trial means? Every single one of us will be dragged into it—and all through months of it. Was Basil worth that to anybody?"

"No. I can't say he was. But nevertheless—"

Worried? Nervous? Sleepless?

Read how Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward St., Rockdale, N.S.W., ended his Severe Case of Sleepless Nights.

Mr. Hart writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of Phosphorated Iron and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already."

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. It restores, calms and strengthens weak, jumpy, run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force.

Don't drug or dope yourself to sleep, use this safe, positive method to get at the cause of your sleepless nights—run-down nerves. Build them up with Phosphorated Iron and soon you will feel stronger, eat better, and once more enjoy restful relaxed sleep at night. Ask your chemist to-day for Phosphorated Iron.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Chilblains

QUICK RELIEF
WITH IODEX



Get quick and safe relief from the maddening, burning itch of chilblains with IODEX—iodine in its ideal form. It does not irritate, blister, harden or stain the skin, and is equally effective for broken or unbroken chilblains.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE



I'm too busy
to have
COLDS!

This New Discovery
Helps Me to PREVENT Them!

AT HOME AND AT WORK I keep a bottle of Vicks Vapo-Rol. It is made specially for the nose and upper throat—where 3 out of 4 colds begin.

AT THE FIRST SNEEZE, or other sign of "catching cold", I simply put a few drops of Vapo-Rol up each nostril with the handy dropper. That's all... no fuss or bother.

I CAN FEEL a pleasant tingle as the medication spreads swiftly through the hidden passages—rousing Nature to fight off infection.

STUFFINESS VANISHES, every breath is cool and clear, no more sneezing. Often the cold ends right there... stopped before it even starts.



Prepared
and guaranteed by
the makers of
VICKS VAPOROL

NOSE-COLDS,
CATARRH...
are helped wonderfully by
Vapo-Rol. It clears the
head, soothes irritation with
amazing speed.

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL



Style by
Diamond
Couture
Salon

QUICK INEXPENSIVE WAY TO THRILLING WAVES!

It works on hair of any texture... on any wave, natural or permanent... takes but four minutes! Hollywood stars are wildly enthusiastic over damp-setting—amazing discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. You will be, too, for damp-setting with VELMOL revives your waves and curls and gives your hair new, smart sheen.

JUST THREE EASY STEPS in damp-setting. 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through your hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you like it best.

You'll be delighted! Hair looks so silky-soft and natural—never "stiff" or oily—and the wave stays put! Even a finger wave will last for days! Ask for VELMOL, from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

The Homemaker

June 21, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

GLOWING WINTER BEAUTY...

KEEPING warm in cold weather is not only a wise rule for the sake of comfort and health but also for beauty. It is impossible to look radiant and attractive if you feel cold. So heed the precautions given below and guard your looks with sufficient warmth.

By JANETTE

HAVE you ever really looked your best when you've felt very cold? Of course you haven't, because keeping warm "inside yourself" is an essential basis for looking lovely.

So this week I'm going to give you simple rules and sensible precautions for keeping warm—all of which you were probably taught when you were very small and have since discounted or forgotten.

These precautions are especially for those who lead fairly strenuous lives.

You may have to face a good deal of walking about in cold streets, cold rooms to work in, even cold water to wash in, as well as the usual winter winds and mud and slush.

But if you learn the secret of keeping warm within yourself there won't be any more of those blue pinched faces, cold feet or red hands. Instead, winter will give that sparkling, glowing, crisp touch to your loveliness that frost gives to the morning landscape.

Now I'll get right down to essentials and warn you first of all that you must have some soft, warm woolly undies.

You can get them now every bit as light, beautifully cut and dainty as the finest silk.

Feminine and pretty

THERE are all sorts of weights and mixtures of wool and silk, or wool and cotton, in lady stitches as feminine and pretty as you please, and they are not in the expensive class.

Now for the second way of keeping warm from within. This is, of course, exercise.

I'm going to divide exercises into two sorts.

First, the occasional ones you can do almost any time anywhere; and second, the specialised ones you do regularly at home.

Here are the occasional ones. If, for instance, you have been sitting for some hours, get up and try the old "caddy" exercise of swinging your arms out at the sides and then across your chest.

If you feel as though the tips of your fingers had disappeared, clap your hands hard, or play that childish game of slapping hands with another person.

Shake your hands vigorously from the wrists, wring them and rub them till you feel the warmth coursing back.

Numb feet are rather difficult to cure until you can get home and deal with them properly.

Meanwhile try to screw up your toes as if you were picking up a pencil; jump and hop, and shake each foot from the ankle.

When you get home massage your hands and feet briskly with astringent or some warming preparation, such as camphorated oil, until they are glowing and warm again. A warm mustard bath is delicious and very good for you.

Now for the regular exercises that you're going to do every day. They'll keep your circulation so strong that you'll always feel warm

from the tips of your fingers to the ends of your toes.

Circulation exercises involve plenty of movement. Skipping for instance is an ideal way of improving your circulation.

Borrow your small sister's rope and do all the skipping steps she does.

Do you remember the exercise you used to do at school? Jump your feet apart, at the same time raising your arms to shoulder level, then jump your feet together and let your arms fall to your sides.

Try doing some of the high kicks that look so easy on the stage. You'll be amazed how quickly these exercises can warm you up.

In addition, a few simple breathing exercises will restore your circulation and help towards keeping you fit and free from colds.

You'll find, too, that it's much better to walk with your head up than to scurry along with your face buried in your coat collar.

If you still feel cold during the day wear extra garments—either a woolly cardigan over your frock or a light silk-and-wool spencer beneath.

If your skin dries with the wind and your lips chap, take extra precautions to guard against these troubles.

Use an oily foundation before you powder. You can do this either by applying cold cream first and wiping off, and then applying your usual powder foundation, or by buying and using a foundation that has an oily base.

For your lips use a colorless healing salve which looks like lipstick. It is made in two shades of red as well as white. Smoothed on the lips before you apply ordinary lipstick it will keep the skin soft and protect it from the wind. You can also apply this salve at night when you go to bed. Your chemist will be able to supply you with it.



IT'S SMART to look warm and snug when the weather is cold. This girl protects her beauty against chills by always wrapping up cosily—this time in a coat and hood of fur fabric.

If you keep your ankles and wrists warm you're not nearly so prone to feel the cold, so you'd better see about getting some warm, lined gloves for this winter.

Be extra sensible about your shoes and stockings, too, because keeping your feet warm and dry is more than half the battle in winter. Rubber rain-boots are a winter necessity, while a change of stockings and little wool socks worn inside the boots are all wise tricks.

YOU'LL THRILL

... to the new beauty that is yours

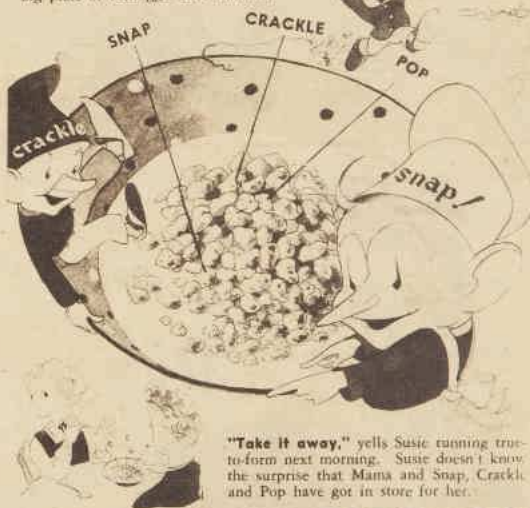
You'll be thrilled, delighted, when your looking glass reveals your new, youthful, loveliness of complexion that follows the regular use of "Corinne" Rose Cream. Perfect powder base, "Corinne" Rose Cream is the natural beauty emulsion for the skin, and so it cleanses, rejuvenates and beautifies as nothing else can.

Bottles 2/6 and 1/-; Tubes 1/6 at Chemists and Beauty Stores.

Corinne ROSE CREAM
THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES



"Oh me! Oh my!" cries Mrs. Jones. "My little Susie won't eat her breakfast." That's all Snap, Crackle and Pop need to hear—and they come flying to Mama Jones' rescue with a big plate of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles!



"Take it away," yells Susie running true-to-form next morning. Susie doesn't know the surprise that Mama and Snap, Crackle and Pop have got in store for her.

Susie's eyes nearly pop out when Mama pours the milk on her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Those Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop all over the plate. They seem to say, "Come on Susie, eat us all up."

"Lots more, please, Mummy," says Susie every morning. "I want to hear Snap, Crackle and Pop again!" Mummy smiles because she knows that Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—the breakfast that goes Snap, Crackle and Pop—is piling nourishment and energy value into her little Susie. Easy to digest, too. So if your little Susie won't eat her breakfast, order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* from your grocer right away.



*"Rice Bubbles" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its oven-popped rice.

"You're the most beautiful woolly I ever owned—and I promise you **PERSIL washing"**



IT'S SO GENTLE—that's the reason why Persil washing keeps pet woollies so soft and cosy! Its oxygen-charged suds get them clean *without* hard rubbing, *without* the hot water that shrinks all wool-lens. Simply use Persil and cool water, and you'll be through in next to no time! Rinse your woolly well, squeeze and roll it tightly in a towel. Pack to its original size with tissue paper and it will dry soft and fleecy. Try Persil for all your dainty woollies—you'll never want to use anything else!

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER
Persil
REGISTERED

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. P.78. IWW

Linda Darnell
SAYS

"A Screen Star has to have a soft, smooth skin. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It makes a wonderful bath soap, too. You'll love the way it leaves skin soft and really sweet."

Actual statement by LINDA DARNELL
20th Century-Fox star in "Chad Hanna"



I USE THE SAME LOVELY SOAP AS LINDA DARNELL AND I LOVE EVERY SINGLE THING ABOUT IT...THE GORGEOUSLY SOFT, CREAMY LATHER, THE SWEET, DELICATE FRAGRANCE AND THE WAY EACH TABLET OF **LUX TOILET SOAP** LASTS SIMPLY AGES.

LUX Toilet Soap

is Supercreamed—has a special cream blended into the tablet, to cream while cleansing the skin.

A LEVER PRODUCT

6.367.1WW



THESE LITTLE CAKES are all made from the one basic mixture. They are cut into fancy shapes and finished with frostings in various flavors and decorated with crystallized flowers, marzipan fruit, and fancy icing. Notice the attractive way the cakes are arranged—on a big glass dish with miniature posy of real flowers in the centre. The whole idea in these cakes is to make them appeal to the taste through the eye.

FROSTED DAINITIES

● Little cakes that look irresistible and taste delicious. And all are made from one basic mixture — the variety is just a matter of clever artifice in flavoring, frosting and decoration.

YOU can make little cakes like these if you remember:

That daintiness of design is essential.

That elaborate designs need much practice and skill. Simple decorations are often the most effective.

Delicate coloring is a sign of good taste. Measure colorings drop by drop, being patient in the mixing.

Flavor carefully and experiment in various flavors as orange, lemon, peppermint, mocha, almond.

The cakes must appeal to the palate through the eye. Make them look deliciously eatable.

Prepare all the etceteras and know what you are going to do before beginning.

Brush away all crumbs before icing.

Sweet-scented fresh flowers and leaves can make charming decorations for a freshly-frosted cake.

FOUNDATION SLAB CAKE

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, flavoring.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs. Stir in the flavoring and then the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Cook in a greased slab tin (10 inches by 10 inches) for 40 minutes in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.). When cold cut into small squares (32), diamonds, triangles, circles or fancy shapes; ice and decorate.

Varied Flavorings: 1½ teaspoons orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 teaspoons spices, 2oz. melted chocolate, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, vanilla or almond essence.

WARM ICING

Two cups icing sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon glucose, flavoring and coloring.

Dissolve the glucose in the boiling water. Add the sifted icing sugar, stirring well. When thick and well mixed color and flavor as desired. Warm for a few seconds or until pouring consistency. Pour quickly over the cakes. If this icing is of the right consistency and poured quickly no smoothing is necessary as a smooth, even surface is the immediate result.

Cakes covered with this icing may be decorated with chopped nuts or fruits, shaped marzipan, or piped royal icing.

ROYAL ICING FOR PIPING

One and a half cups sifted icing sugar, 1 egg-white, few drops of lemon juice.

Beat the egg-white until stiff and gradually beat in the finely-sifted icing sugar. Beat thoroughly until perfectly smooth. Add the lemon juice. The icing must be of the consistency to hold its shape when piped. Keep covered with a damp cloth and in a cool place until ready for use.

Icing-bags of greaseproof or parchment paper or of mackintosh may be used. A large variety of icing nozzles is obtainable; the writing pipe, Nos. 1 and 2, the rose, Nos. 8 and 10, and the leaf nozzle, No. 17, are the most useful. Do not commence the pipe work until the coating icing is set. Borders and flower designs must be neat and dainty.

HONEY FROSTING

One cup honey, 2 egg-whites.

Simmer the honey very gently for about 7 minutes or to a temperature of 238 deg. F. (soft ball in the cold-water test). Cool and gradually whisk into the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Beat until a spreading consistency.

FOAM FROSTING

Two cups icing sugar, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon orange rind, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk.

Combine the egg-yolk, orange rind, lemon juice, and salt. Gradually whip in sugar until spreading consistency. Orange or grapefruit juice may be used instead of lemon juice. A delicate green tint matches this flavor.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

Two cups sifted icing sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Cream the butter well and gradually beat in the sugar and

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

lemon juice. Spread roughly over the cakes. Top if liked with chopped nuts, shredded coconut, passionfruit pulp, or chopped candied fruits.

VARIATIONS OF BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

Chocolate Cream Frosting: Add 1oz. melted chocolate or 1 tablespoon cocoa.

Orange Cream Frosting: Add 1 tablespoon orange juice and 1 teaspoon orange rind.

Mocha Frosting: Add 1 tablespoon cocoa and 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Parisian Frosting: Delicately color pink or green or yellow with vegetable colorings.

FUDGE FROSTING

Four ounces chocolate, 1 cup milk, 3 cups brown sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Dissolve the chocolate in the milk. Add the sugar, honey, and salt, and boil until the mixture forms a soft ball (temp. 236 deg. F.) when tested in cold water. Add the butter and vanilla. Cool and then beat until

creamy and of a spreading consistency. If the mixture appears to be hardening, soften over hot water.

VARIATIONS OF FUDGE FROSTING

Chocolate Nut Frosting: Add 1 cup chopped nuts.

Almond Fudge Frosting: Flavor with almond essence and decorate with toasted almonds.

Pineapple Fudge Frosting: Top cakes with candied pineapple cubes.

BOILED SNOW FROSTING

Two egg-whites, 1½ cups sugar, pinch salt, 1/3rd cup water, flavoring.

Beat ingredients over boiling water for about 7 minutes or until the mixture will hold its shape. Add flavorings and beat until of a good spreading consistency and no longer. Use immediately.

VARIATIONS OF BOILED SNOW FROSTING

Butterscotch Frosting: Use brown instead of white sugar, and caramel if liked for further coloring.

Orange Ambrosia Frosting: Use orange juice instead of water, and add 1 teaspoon orange rind. Sprinkle frosting as soon as spread with coarsely-shredded coconut.

Chocolate Peppermint Frosting: Flavor with peppermint essence. Melt 3oz. chocolate and pour over cakes after the rough white frosting has begun to set.

Marshmallow Frosting: Add ½ cup marshmallows to the frosting before spreading.

MARZIPAN

Two cups icing sugar, 1 cup ground almonds, 2 egg-yolks, lemon juice or sherry.

Combine the sugar and almonds. Add the egg-yolks and mix to a dry dough with lemon juice or sherry. Mould into dainty flower or fruit shapes. Color delicately with vegetable colorings.

MOCK MARZIPAN

Two cups icing sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 2 egg-yolks, sherry or lemon juice.

Combine ingredients and mix to a soft but not too moist dough. Color delicately and mould. The colors may be painted on after the marzipan has been moulded.



For Lunch Today

Rosella Sausages and Vegetables, ready cooked to perfection! ... Not just convenience, however, influenced this lady's choice, for she knows that no lunch or dinner is more appetising, tasty, or easy than the nourishing Rosella Cooked Sausages and Vegetables. For a change

Rosella Fork and Beans, Spaghetti with Cheese, Curried Sausages and Vegetables.

Rosella
Over 100 Pure Foods

Chads

"lower than retail" prices

MAIL ORDER FASHION SERVICE



WW13.

Like your coat boxy?
Like it warmer than warm?
Then this is YOUR coat!

It's clean-cut boxy lines give you a slim, whittled look . . . its soft wool fabric is divinely warm! The back, with three full length pintucks, flares into free-and-easy fulness, and the front sports two large roomy pockets. In soldier-blue, fawn, and honey. SSW, SW and W fittings. Price: **42/-**

Handbag, brown, black and navy, at 12/11
Felt Hat, brown, also colours, costs 14/9

Post your orders, freight paid, to
Chads Mail Orders, Box 4220XX, G.P.O., Sydney



THE ATTRACTION of this garden is in its trees—a needle pine on each side of the door, an Italian cypress to the right, banana and monkey palms, flowering shrubs, and Australian grass trees.

TREES . . . for grace and beauty

● The right-thinking gardener preserves any existing healthy trees when first making a garden. The wise gardener also plants others for decoration and shelter, for trees provide the perfect setting for any home.
—Says **OUR HOME GARDENER**

FEW introduced trees add more grace and beauty than the conifers, taxads and other cone-bearing and yew-like trees.

Forestry experts have helped in this direction by introducing many softwood trees, and gardeners who never saw them before have planted avenues or single specimens with a view to enhancing the attractiveness of their properties.

Although we are sometimes told that our climate is unsuited to the widespread growing of these lovely trees, there are many that will confer the utmost decorative effect upon a garden if well placed.

While I cannot recommend the gardener to plant specimens of sequoia gigantea, that giant from California which assumes sky-scraping proportions and needs lots of elbow room, we can plant the graceful, quick-growing Japanese larch (*Larix leptolepis*).

Thuja lobbi comes from California and is a handsome tree which makes a first-rate tall, evergreen hedge, or can be planted singly as a specimen tree. It is one of the most reliable and makes quick progress.

Cupressus sempervirens or Italian cypress is largely used for growing round Spanish bungalows. When raised from seed there is often some variation in growth which spoils the effect where strict uniformity is desired.

For that reason, gardeners should always insist that trees of this variety be raised from cuttings, for they give much better results and do not vary very greatly.

Cupressus arizonica comes to us from Arizona, and is a variety that likes a dry climate. *Pinus canariensis* or canary pine is another that does well in the dry districts, or where the soil has a limestone base in cooler areas.

Most of the cupressus family must be set well apart from each other, for they grow into big trees.

The cedars also require a lot of room, and are suitable only for large gardens. *Cedrus deodara*, its Indian name, although a native of the Himalayas, makes a beautiful avenue or specimen tree in most of the Australian States.

The golden deodar (*deodara aurea*) is a pretty tree during spring and early summer, when it produces its golden tips, and is a variety that should be more often planted in big gardens.

The Atlantic cedar (*cedrus atlantica glauca*) is also a beautiful tree, but of stiffer habit than *deodara*. It does well in almost any kind of soil, although a mountain lover in its own country.

For very big properties where space is unlimited the araucarias are ideal. This family includes our bunya bunya pine, *araucaria bidwillii*. Its near relation, *Cookii*, somewhat resembles the Norfolk Island pine, but is of narrow, upright growth.

Many people own specimens of the callitris or Australian cypress without knowing what it is. It is a lovely tree and should be more largely grown, for it resists both drought and boring insects.

Another member of this family is the Black Murray pine, *callitris cal-*

Juniperus hibernica grows like a column and is valued wherever this form is desired. *Japonica aurea* is another juniper of somewhat golden appearance, and a very slow grower more inclined to produce horizontal boughs than the others in this family.

Retinosporas are much sought by garden lovers because of their wide variety of form. Some grow rapidly and others are very slow. The best of this family is *retinospora obtusa* Crippsii, or golden cypress. It is of short habit of growth, but very shapely.

For mountainous country few trees make a more attractive display than *picea pungens glauca* (Koster's variety) or blue spruce. Although almost unknown in this country it deserves to be planted in every cool, high area.

The color of the whole tree is a clear silvery blue. It is of the utmost symmetry, and would soon form a dominating feature in any landscape, particularly if backed up by darker masses of foliage in a good shrubbery.

Others that can be recommended for the home garden are *taxus baccata*, a very slow-growing, long-lived tree; *taxodium distichum* (two rowed), a deciduous cypress suitable for moist positions, any of the *thuyas*, but particularly *occidentalis compacta aurea*, which is of pyramid shape and has golden-tipped leaves, and *thuya orientalis*, or book-leaf cypress.

Pines for shelter

carata. This grows into a graceful shelter tree and is admirably suited to well-drained, sandy soils.

Junipers are also very ornamental. They are extremely hardy, usually compact, and rather slow growers, and for this reason very suitable for gardens. *Juniperus africana* is a dwarf, globular type that will do well in a big tub. It is largely grown in Australia for porch decoration, and lasts for many years. *Juniperus chinensis aurea* is an extremely slow-growing golden form, and another that thrives well in big pots or similar containers.



A FLAGGED courtyard beautified with trees—flowering *cassara sagrada*, cypress, junipers, including the dwarf *Juniper Africana*, and others.

Readers win prizes for recipes

● An appetising savory pie is awarded the first prize of £1 while other recipes for various dishes are awarded consolation prizes. The recipes are published below.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is open to everybody, so you, too, can enter.

All you have to do is write out your recipe, add name and address, and send in to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

SAVORY PIE

Pastry: 1lb. mashed potatoes, 2oz. butter or dripping, 4oz. self-raising flour, a little milk if necessary, salt to taste.

Filling: Some rashers of streaky bacon, 2 or 3 eggs, some chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Mash potatoes very smoothly, beat in butter or dripping and little salt. Work in self-raising flour to make a paste, adding a little milk if too dry to handle. Cut paste in two and use one half to line a shallow pie-dish. Spread layer of rashers over pastry and break eggs on top so that whites run together. Sprinkle parsley over eggs, and little pepper. Salt must be used with care because the bacon may be already rather salty. Cover with rest of pastry. Make a hole in the centre and bake in a hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Millard, Marmon Jabuk, S.A.

SPICED HONEY NUTS

Half cup honey, 1 cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 1 teaspoon salt. Cream butter and sugar gradually, stirring until well blended. Add well-beaten egg, honey, and flour, baking powder, salt, and cinnamon sifted together. Beat thoroughly and

fold in chopped nuts. Drop from a small spoon on greased baking sheet, leaving two inches space between. Bake in a moderate oven 15-20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. M. Featherston, 224 The Terrace, Port Pirie, S.A.

RHUBARB AND RAISIN PIE

One dessertspoon butter, 1 small cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 lemon, 1½ cups chopped rhubarb, 1 cup raisins.

Cream butter and sugar together, add egg, and beat well. Add lemon juice and rind, rhubarb, and raisins. Line a tin with pastry, put in filling, and cover with pastry. Bake about half an hour. Equally good hot or cold served with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. K. Sheridan, Viyella, Collector, N.S.W.

RHUBARB AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Cut 4lb. washed rhubarb into small pieces. Add 4lb. sugar, stand overnight. Next morning, add ½ cup water and boil for 1 hour. About a quarter of an hour before jam is done, add passionfruit pulp. Tie down when cold. This jam makes good filling for tarts and cakes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. W. Nicholls, 24 Junction Rd., Rosewater Gardens, S.A.

CHOKO AND LEMON JAM

Twelve chokos, 6 lemons, 1oz. green ginger, 1lb. sugar to 1lb. fruit.

Peel and mince or dice chokos, add half sugar and stand overnight. Shred lemon peel. Just cover with water and soak 2 hours. Boil till tender. Add choko mixture and lemon pulp. Boil 1 hour and then add strips of ginger and remainder of sugar. Boil until it sets (about 1 hour). When cooked, add a pinch of salt and, if desired, 2 tablespoons of whisky.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to F. H. Lovett, 90 French St., Maroubra, N.S.W.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS: Nothing is more inconvenient and uncomfortable than a meal in bed from a precariously balanced tray. For meals in bed use a small table fitted with short legs, like the one shown here from which Alice Faye, Fox star, is taking breakfast. Usually an old occasional table can be utilised if the legs are cut down and the whole is painted.

DELICIOUS ORANGE AND APPLE JAM

Three large oranges, 3 Granny Smith apples, 6lb. sugar, 12 cups water.

Shred oranges overnight, cover with water. Cut apples into tiny squares, add to oranges, and boil till tender. Add sugar, boil again till it jells. Bottle while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. T. Gilbert, 12 Flinders Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

CAULIFLOWER SOUFFLE

One cup cooked cauliflower, 1oz. grated cheese, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir till smooth, allow to cook 1 minute. Add milk, stir till it boils and thickens.

Remove from heat, add cheese, nutmeg, salt, pepper, egg yolks, and cauliflower. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, and stir in lightly. Pour all into buttered, fireproof dish or souffle mould. Bake in a moderate oven till well risen and browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Clark, 4 Grand View St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

TRIPE WITH SAVORY PINE-APPLE

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 tablespoon pineapple juice, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter, little mace, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 slices tinned pineapple, 1 egg, 2oz. grated cheese, 2oz. breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Blanch tripe, cut into small pieces, cover with milk. Add pineapple juice and cook till tender. Add butter, mace, and salt. Blend cornflour with little cold milk, add to tripe. Stir for 3 minutes. Serve tripe with—

Savory Pineapple: Drain and dry pineapple, dip in beaten egg, roll in grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown in hot fat. Serve with tripe and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Jones, 29 Palmer St., Richmond, Vic.

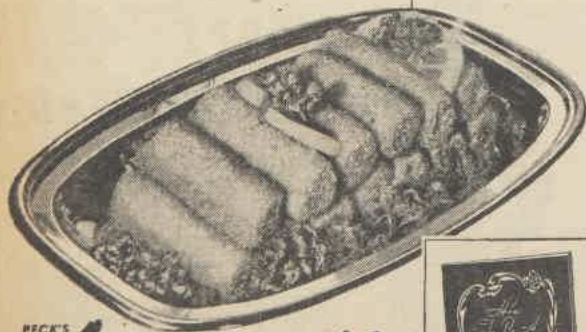
A RECIPE FOR

Exciting Breakfasts

Do you sometimes feel at your wit's end to think of something new for breakfast? You'll find many new and exciting breakfast dishes in the Peck's recipe book, "How to be a Successful Hostess." Here are over 49 new dishes for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Teas, Dinner and Suppers, presented to you by Peck's, makers of "Anchovette" and "Salmon and Shrimp" fish pastes—the best pastes money can buy!

Potato Cakes with Anchovette Cream Sauce

Half butter and "Anchovette" into flour and add to creamed potatoes. Add chopped parsley, beaten egg and seasoning. Turn on to floured board, knead, roll and cut into shapes. Fry in breadcrumb and deep fry. Serve hot with Anchovette Cream Sauce.



PECK'S

Anchovette
and "SALMON & SHRIMP" PASTES



HARRY PECK & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD., BENDIGO AGENCIES, ROBINSON STREET, P.O. BOX 20, BATHURST
I enclose 2d. in stamps for my copy of "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOSTESS."
Name _____
Address _____ W.W.2

SEWING MACHINES

Need 3-IN-ONE OIL

Now only

1/-

Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust.

— And NO Increase in Price!

Great news, indeed, for the housewife! 9 Pads of "JEX" instead of 5, without any addition to the cost per packet!! The quantity of Steel Wool supplied per packet is substantially greater, and each Pad can be used down to the last fragment. So, to-day, anyone can afford "JEX"—and no one can afford to be without it.

THE HOUSEHOLD CLEANER WITH 101 USES

Not only Aluminium, but Copper, Brass, Iron, Crystal and Glassware, Woodwork and Linoleum, the Bath, the Sink are quickly and easily cleaned with "JEX," which can be used with any household soap.

"JEX" costs only A FEW PENCE PER PACKET.

"Jex"

If "JEX" is unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 456 Collins Street, Melbourne.



Rheumatism and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burbling, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get up Nights, go to your chemist today for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three 3 ways to end your troubles—

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisons acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for kidney and bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Sgd.) M. L. Zowla, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had kidney and bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for kidney complaint."—(Sgd.) J. J. McPherson, Nangorahouse Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Ask now! Now in 3 sizes—2/6, 4/2, 8/4.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

The Doctor Tells You What to do

TO AVOID GETTING COLDS

PATIENT: Doctor, is there any way I can avoid getting colds and flu this winter? I seem to have had the flu every year lately. If I do get it, what is the wisest course to follow?

DOCTOR: This is something everybody wants to know, for colds and influenza take constant toll among people in every station of life at home and in business.

You are most likely to avoid flu if you build up your bodily resistance and avoid all contact with people who have coughs, colds, or influenza.

It is the latter condition that is the harder, for, no matter where we go in this world, we find folk who will try to "crack hardy," as they call it, and go about their business while they are suffering from these complaints.

The trouble is they look to us for praise of their "Spartan" behaviour. They think we should admire them when they keep on working while they are sick.

In reality they are being very selfish, for with every cough and sneeze they spread infection. What is more, colds and influenza are most infectious in the early stages, even when the sufferer is going about.

In these modern days it is impossible to avoid contact with other people. We are herded together in trams, in trains, in lifts, and even in the busy streets we are constantly rubbing shoulders with other people.

So you can see how very easy it

is for a person who has a cough to infect others, and why it is that influenza so quickly assumes epidemic proportions.

The more rapidly the virus of influenza travels from one nose to another the more rapidly does it become more virulent and cause serious illness.

Moreover, the person who has flu and refuses to give in is only storing up trouble for himself, for flu refuses to be ignored.

Influenza is not a trivial complaint. It may result in serious complications, and if not given proper attention may leave permanent after-effects.

Many a case of heart trouble or impaired hearing can be traced to a neglected case of influenza.

Watch symptoms

ANOTHER thing worth noticing is that the death-rate among influenza victims is highest among those who refuse to succumb early.

Sometimes influenza is heralded with an ordinary cold, a running nose and watering eyes. Often the first symptom is a general feeling of malaise, an ache in the bones and great weariness of both body and spirit.

Sometimes there is an extreme dryness of the throat and mouth—accompanied by a distressing cough.

All these may be symptoms of flu. Usually, but not always, a person getting flu will feel feverish.

If you have any of these symptoms, it is wise to give in and go to bed. There is no cure for flu but bed and careful nursing—preferably under medical supervision.



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS have exceptionally good teeth. Here Yvonne (left) shows you an exercise the Quins do regularly for development of normal dental arches. The child grips a strip of rubber between the teeth and stretches it as shown above.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Home-grown vegetables

HEALTH authorities are always stressing the great importance of fresh fruit and vegetables in the family diet.

In a big city and in some country districts there is often difficulty in securing supplies of young, fresh vegetables.

Vegetables and fruits which have to be transported for long distances frequently have to be picked before they are properly ripe and the vitamin-content has not reached its full value. Old and stale vegetables have much less vitamin value than fresh, young, home-grown vegetables.

This surely is a strong argument in favor of the garden plot wherever garden space is available, especially for the family where there are very young children.

It is surprising, with a little careful planning, what a comparatively large quantity of fresh, young vegetables even a very small plot of ground will yield if properly prepared.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free if a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

ENGAGEMENTS

KING MORTON. The engagement is announced at Jill, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton, of Carlyle, Vic., to John Borensford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. King, of Los Angeles, U.S.A.

JILL ENGAGED? WHY SHE MUST BE 32, AT LEAST!

Everyone thought she'd be an old maid. Even Jill herself wondered... then one day—

WHEN A GIRL ISN'T MARRIED AT JILL'S AGE THERE'S USUALLY A JOLLY GOOD REASON.

"B.O." IN HER CASE, WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D WAKE UP TO IT?

FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU JILL... BUT PERHAPS IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD THAT YOU HEARD THE TRUTH

THEN MONTHS LATER

I COULD HAVE DIED OF SHAME! BUT I'LL NEVER RISK "B.O." AGAIN. LIFEBOUY FOR ME EVERY DAY

YOU'RE SO SWEET AND Dainty, JILL—ANY MAN COULD FALL FOR YOU!

THINKS: AND I'LL TAKE CARE TO STAY THAT WAY—I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBOUY

Don't miss out on romance... use LIFEBOUY—the one soap specially made to prevent "B.O."

You'll revel in the freshness, the sheer exhilaration of a Lifebuoy bath! And Lifebuoy contains the mild health ingredient which positively stops "B.O." Next time you need soap, try Lifebuoy. Big cake for your money.

LIFEBOUY its clean fragrance vanishes... its protection remains

6 LEVER PRODUCT

W.J.19



HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

Baby shouldn't be an anxiety to you when teething. Providing that the motions are kept easy and regular and the blood cool, there need be no fretting and peevishness when the first little teeth appear. That is exactly what Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders do. They keep baby happy because they keep him healthy, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a **FREE SAMPLE** to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

BUTTERFLY MOTIFS . . .

A FLIGHT of wings adorns this cosy knitted jumper just to make the wearer feel lighthearted and gay.

Here are the knitting instructions.

Materials: 7ozs. of 3-ply wool, 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles, 1 No. 13 crochet hook, and 3 small button moulds.

Measurements: Length from shoulder at armhole edge, 18½ ins.; width all round under the arms, 33 ins.; length of sleeve seam, including cuff, 18 ins.

Tension: 7 sts to lin. in width and 16 rows to lin. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts, stitches; st-st, stocking-stitch; w.f.d., wool forward; tog., together; sl, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; rep., repeat; dec., decrease or decreasing; inc., increase or increasing; patt., pattern; d.c., double crochet; ins., inches.

Work into the back of all cast-on sts. to produce firm edges.

BACK

Begin at lower edge. Cast on 96 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 3½ ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and the patt. as follows:

1st Row: P. 2nd Row: K. 3rd Row: P. 4th Row: K.

5th Row: P 9, * w.f.d., k 1, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, w.f.d., p 16; rep. from * to end, finishing p. 9.

6th Row: K 9, * p 6, k 18; rep. from * to end, finishing k 9.

7th Row: P 8, * w.f.d., k 2, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, w.f.d., p 16; rep. from * to end, finishing p 8.

8th Row: K 8, * p 8, k 16; rep. from * to end, finishing k 8.

9th Row: P 7, * w.f.d., k 3, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, w.f.d., p 14; rep. from * finishing p 7.

10th Row: K 7, * p 10, k 14; rep. from * finishing k 7.

11th Row: P 6, * w.f.d., k 4, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4, w.f.d., p 12; rep. from * finishing p 6.

12th Row: K 6, * p 12, k 12; rep. from * finishing k 6.

13th Row: P 5, * w.f.d., k 5, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, w.f.d., p 10; rep. from * finishing p 5.

14th Row: K 5, * p 14, k 10; rep. from * finishing k 5.

15th Row: P 4, * w.f.d., k 6, k 2 tog., sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, w.f.d., p 8; rep. from * finishing p 4.

16th Row: K 4, * p 16, k 8; rep. from * finishing k 4.

17th Row: P. 18th Row: K.

19th Row: P. 20th Row: K. 21st Row: P. 22nd Row: K.

These 22 rows form the patt. and are repeated throughout, but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next row, then at both ends of every 6th row following (working the inc. sts. into the patt.) until there are 96 sts. Continue without inc. until there are 116 sts., then continue without inc. until the work measures 12½ ins. from the beginning, finishing after a 22nd row.

Armhole Shaping: Still keeping the patt. correct, cast off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 92 sts. remain. Continue without dec. until the work measures 15½ ins. from the beginning, finishing with work right side towards you.

Back Opening.—1st Row: Patt. 46,



CLOSE-UP of the butterfly motif which is knitted in rows into the jumper shown at right, to suggest a flight of wings.

turn, putting the remaining 46 sts. on a spare needle for the present. Continue on the first 46 sts. in patt. until the work measures 18½ ins. from the beginning, finishing with work right side towards you.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next row, then the next alternate row, then cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next alternate row, then all sts. at beginning of next alternate row.

Join wool to back edge of the other 46 sts. and work up this side to match the first.

FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until the armhole shaping has been worked and 92 sts. remain. Continue without dec. omitting the back opening, until the work measures 16½ ins. from the beginning, finishing with work right side towards you.

Neck Shaping.—1st Row: Patt. 41,

cast off 10, patt. 40.

Now continue on both sets of 41 sts., using two balls of wool, but at the same time dec. 1 st. each side of the neck on every row until 28 sts. remain each side. Continue without dec. until the armholes measure the same length as the back, finishing with work right side towards you.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows (armhole edges), then cast off the remaining sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

SLEEVES

Begin at the lower edge of the cuff. Cast on 48 sts. using No. 12 needles and work 2 ins. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and the patt., but at the same time inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 6th row following (working the inc. sts. into the patt.) until there are 96 sts.

Continue without inc. until the sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the beginning, measured down the centre, or length required, then shape the top by casting off 5 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 66 sts. remain.

Work 3 ins. on these 66 sts. without dec., then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join the shoulders and press the

seams. Hold the right side of the front towards you and using a ball of wool and a No. 12 needle pick up 55 sts. from centre front to back opening.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, then k 1 and p 1 into the next st.; repeat from * until 5 remain, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1 (65).

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1; repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, then k 1 and p 1 into each of the next 2 sts., rib until 6 sts. remain, p 1 and k 1 into the next 2 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 (69).

Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Now repeat the last 4 rows 5 times more, then cast off in the rib. Work the other side to match.

MAKING-UP

Press the work on the wrong side



BUTTERFLIES fitting over your jumper—doesn't the very idea make you feel joyful? Instructions for knitting jumper above on this page.

with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in the sleeves, making two pleats on top of each shoulder, press the seams, then sew up the side and sleeve seams and press them.

Work a row of d.c. all round the back opening, but make 3 loops on the right side for buttonholes. Cover the moulds with circles of d.c., then sew these on left side to correspond with the buttonholes on right side.

MY MOTHER ALWAYS USES ZEBO FOR HER STOVE—AND SO DO I



Zebo is the liquid stove cleaner that has never been equalled . . . never outmoded! So simple! All you need is a cloth or brush. A few brisk polishing strokes and Presto! Off with dullness . . . away with drabness. The most difficult stoves and grates respond to Zebo cleaning and stay bright longer, too. Ask for Zebo from your Grocer and keep it always handy for quick touch-ups.



ZEBBO
LIQUID
STOVE POLISH

Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets



"I won't have an Australian inside my House"



How to get that Mirror-finish Shine with KIWI

First of all rub the dust off the shoes. Then with a piece of cloth wrapped round the fingers, rub in a bit quantity of Kiwi Polish. When the polish is well rubbed in dip the cloth in water (which you can have ready in the top of the tin) and rub thoroughly all over the shoes. Now polish lightly whilst there are still little globules of water over the shoes. A perfect "mirror-finish" will result.



Demobbed in England and returning by way of America, a Digger of the last war stopped at all at his friend's home town in the Middle West and was enthusiastically invited home to meet his wife and family. In fact, the American telephoned his wife there and then he explained that he had invited his Australian friend home for dinner, only to be met by a storm of abuse ending with a warning that "No Australian will ever step inside my house when I am there!"

An unmistakable click told the dumbfounded American that the conversation had ended. He didn't even try to explain his wife's astonishing behaviour, but, nothing daunted, insisted that the Digger come home—and it was on the front door-step that the matter was ironed out.

It seemed that this estimable woman had never heard of Australians and she was confusing the name with Austrians, the enemy of the war. Peace was quickly established on the home front, the Aussie was doubly welcomed and enjoyed one of the most delightful nights of his life.

Today Australia and Australians are very much better known to Americans. One explanation of this is that quite a number of Australian goods are today commanding a healthy demand in America. Kiwi Shoe Polish is one line that "crashed the market" there, due to its importation by American sailors who had used Kiwi in the East. Kiwi is appreciated in America as it is here because it is such a quick-acting polish that gives a lasting shine and preserves the leather. Wherever you go, you will notice that all the best polished shoes are shined with Kiwi.

KIWI

BLACK · DARK TAN · ARMY TAN

Make it hot for your cold in a Mustard Bath



No more sniffs and sneezes after a Mustard Bath. Colds that get into hot water (plus Keen's Mustard) just can't survive.

It doesn't take much to drown a cold. Two or three tablespoons of Keen's Mustard are sufficient. A foot bath, of course, needs less. And next time—take a Mustard Bath as soon as you feel a cold coming on.

Be sure it's KEEN'S Mustard

M96

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Orlax Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Frock accessories in . . .

GAY BEAD WORK

● Collar and pocket set traced with design for bead work or embroidery—just the most charming idea for giving distinction to your winter frocks.

YOU can obtain the collar and pocket set from our Needlework Department traced for working with beads or embroidery on sheer linen in white, very deep cream, blue, lemon, pink or green.

Price is 1/11 for complete set.

Paper pattern for the frock also shown at right is obtainable. This includes frock, collar, and pocket patterns.

Price is 1/6. Transfer for the embroidery or beading for collar and pockets is 1/8 extra.

Either the beading or the embroidery is simple to do. It's just a matter of following the traced lines and working in colors to harmonize with your frock.

FROCK with pockets and collar worked in beads or embroidery. Paper pattern for the frock, collar, and pockets together with transfer is obtainable. Or the collar and pocket set may be obtained in sheer linen already traced.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



ABOVE RIGHT: No. 96. Paper pattern of this evening jacket together with transfer for bead work or embroidery available. LEFT: Close-up of the transfer of design for bead work or embroidery on collar and pocket set and on evening jacket.



FIVE YEARS LATER...

Judy Shaw didn't expect marriage, after five years, to be all love and kisses, but Judy was only human. She couldn't understand why Reg treated her so off-handedly . . . even ignored her. She hadn't noticed that to-day's EXTRA strain was beginning to show in her face.



Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, and your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before bed. This nourishing, well-balanced food will restore the vitality necessary to keep your nerves steady—and help you carry on. Horlicks is priced from 1/6; Economy Size, 2/9. Special Pack with Mixer, 2/.



HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

Entered and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 148-154 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



FRONT and vestee set, available in sheer linen and traced with design for cutting out and working. Paper pattern also obtainable.



New beaded evening jacket

Vestee and front

THIS attractive front and vestee set may be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on sheer linen in white, deep cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green.

The fabric is clearly stamped with design for cutting out, stitching, and making up and with design for embroidery.

Price of vest and front in sheer linen, traced with design, 3/11.

Paper pattern only of front and vest, 1/-. Transfer for embroidery, 1/8 extra.

The embroidery should be done in bright shades to contrast with the color of the material chosen.

FOR night-time brilliancy just imagine the enchanting evening jacket shown above embroidered with sparkling beads.

Paper pattern of this evening jacket, together with transfer for working in beads, or embroidery, if you prefer, may be obtained from our Needlework Department.

Sizes are 32, 34, 36 and 38-inch bust. Paper pattern, price 1/3.

Transfer for bead work or embroidery, 1/8 extra.

Full instructions for cutting and making the jacket are given with each pattern, which is available with or without embroidery transfer.

The jacket would be lovely worked in taffeta or other suitable silk, or even in a lightweight wool in a bright color.

Here's one cleanser you can use

for everything!



Everything! Yes, for all your household cleaning. That's because Bon Ami is just as safe as it is thorough. It contains no coarse, harsh ingredients. Instead of scratching or dulling the surfaces it cleans, Bon Ami leaves them with a glistening polish. Makes your cleaning easier the next time. Try one package and see for yourself. There's no finer, safer all-purpose cleanser,

Bon Ami cleans all these things well.

Baths • kitchen sinks • refrigerators enamel stoves • pots and pans • painted woodwork • taps and metal fixtures windows • mirrors • windshields • linoleum

Bon Ami polishes as it cleans



"hasn't scratched yet"



ABOVE: Typical living-room in average American home. LEFT: Bay window in the same living-room.

HOME in AMERICA

● These pictures show rooms typical of the average home in America to-day. They are decorated and furnished to combine the comfort of the Colonial home with the dignity of the Victorian era.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



BEDROOM with mahogany furniture, quilted chintz bedspread, and dressing-table drapes and flowered percale on chair and at windows.



FIREPLACE in living-room. A Sheraton chair at each side.

SOLPAH MAGIC



*Very New...
and
Very Special*

**DISTINCTIVE KNITWEAR
DESIGNS FOR MEN**

Newest stitches... Latest designs... eight new designs in Pullovers and Cardigans (including a Seaman's Jersey) are presented in Patons & Baldwins' Specialty Knitting Book No. 138. Price 6/6d. (Post. 7/6d.)

"Keith" Design (illustrated) is knitted from Patons Super Scotch Fingering - 4 ply, in which there is an attractive range of shades for Men's Wear.

**P&B
BRAND**

FREE TASSEL SAMPLES OF 'P&B' WOOLS
Write to Patons & Baldwins Ltd., Dept. 3
84-94 Flinders Lane, Melbourne C.I., or
181 Clarence Street, Sydney.

PATONS & BALDWIN'S *Knitting Wools*

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BEST—INSIST ON 'P&B' BRAND

THE living-room is shown at top right. Here fine architectural details make a background for the furnishings, which include Georgian mahogany pieces.

The latter are set off and modernised by the use of quilted chintzes and flowered percale which also give warmth and homeliness to the room.

The large rug is rust tone. The top left picture shows the spacious bay windows and doors which lead onto a patio.

Here crossover curtains of crisp white voile edged with rust fringe are allied with side drapes and pelmet of chintz showing a beige, rust, and plum floral pattern on a white ground.

The picture at lower right shows the Colonial fireplace in the living-room, on each side of which is a chintz-covered winged Sheraton armchair. Two tripod tables support Early Victorian oil lamps which now function electrically. An antique clock on the mantel, two amusing porcelain figurines, and twin-flowering dwarf shrubs lend color.

Mahogany furniture is also used in the bedroom shown at lower left, which, like the living-room, is an MGM film setting. Here the head of the four-poster bed in pineapple mahogany fits into a shallow recess in the wall, which, instead of being covered with wallpaper like the rest of the room, is finished with flowered percale to match the upholstered chair.

The same flowered percale is used for the window drapes which are edged with deep blue fringe.

Bedspread and petticoat drapes on the quaint dressing-table are of quilted chintz in deep rose with touches of wine and blue.



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

An original Scotch recipe in a rich butter shortbread biscuit. Grooved to break easily into conveniently sized fingers . . .



MONTE CARLO

Often voted the most popular biscuit of all, and certainly one of the richest biscuits ever created by Arnott's chefs. . .



ORANGE SLICE

Concentrated into the cream filling of an Orange Slice is one of the truest flavours ever derived from golden-ripe oranges



William Arnott Pty. Ltd., Homebush

Arnott's
FAMOUS
BISCUITS

Don't Delay—Help the Red Cross To-day!

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S — THEY ARE BETTER THAN EVER!

